WEEK ENDING MAY 25, 1929

5c

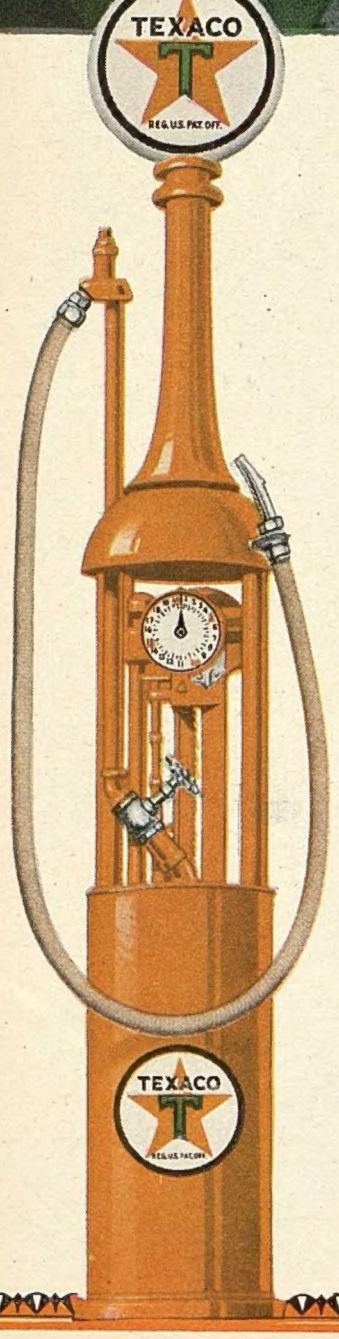
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER 2,000,000 NET PAID CIRCULATION

"You Go There Yourself!"

GRIMSHAW ~ ROOSEVELT ~ MYGATT ~ EADIE ~ GIBBONS



These "travelers" know....

that with the distances they have to cover, added-miles-per-gallon help to keep down expenses. Their preference for the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline is not an accident. It is a preference based on performance—on actual mileage records.

And so it is that fleet owners with hundreds of cars on the road—great operating companies knowing their costs to the last cent—are finding the *new* and *better* Texaco a real economy.

Wherever their representatives go, they are instructed to use this true high test gasoline *exclusively.* Motorists of every type, even those who willingly pay three cents or more extra for "specials," are now turning to Texaco for added power and mileage—*at no added price.*

For Texaco *is* high test—in the laboratory and on the road. Try the *new* and *better* Texaco today and check *your* mileage.

Texaco is sold in every State—always the same—always ready to give you greater and smoother power. Fill up at pumps bearing the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.

And for still smoother, safer performance—use Texaco Golden Motor Oil.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The **NEW** *and* **BETTER**

TEXACO GASOLINE

Some women still spend years in fear and doubt

—so unnecessary when correct information is theirs for the asking

EVEN the most modern young women, many of them, are starting married life under a cloud of misunderstanding. Of course they receive well-meant advice on intimate feminine matters. But the information they get is so often incorrect, so often conflicting. This can only lead to fear—the fear that follows uncertainty.

Yet feminine hygiene is undoubtedly a healthful practice. To women of refinement it is more. It is a real necessity. It brings peace of mind. It gives the feeling of daintiness and well-being they actually must have to be happy. Why, then, the doubt? Why the hesitancy? The reluctance?

Old-fashioned methods caused all the doubt

There is no question whatever about the benefits to be derived from feminine hygiene. Ask physicians or trained nurses. You will find that they all approve of the practice. But they will warn you against the *old-fashioned methods*—the caustic and poisonous antiseptics so frequently employed. Here is the whole source of the trouble that women have faced during many long years.

For until recently the only germicides strong enough to be effective were bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid sold under trade names. All too often the family doctor has been called to treat mercurial poisoning. All too well he knows how the continued use of carbolic acid affects the delicate tissues. There is no danger now. Zonite may be had everywhere.

How different is Zonite! This great antiseptic has revolutionized the practice of feminine hygiene. No wonder women are welcoming it so warmly. It solves their most intimate problem. For unlike other powerful germicides, Zonite carries no threat of injury. Think what this means! Complete surgical cleanliness is possible without running the slightest risk.

Use Zonite for feminine hygiene—it is safe

Read what Zonite does not do: It *does not* cause mercurial poisoning. It *does not* produce areas of scar-tissue. It *does not* deaden sensitive membranes. It *does not* interfere with normal body secretions. *It is absolutely non-poisonous, yet actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

Besides the advantages to women in an antiseptic that is neither caustic nor poisonous, there is another consideration of vital importance in those homes where little children are living. No skull-and-crossbones appears on the Zonite bottle. Danger of accidental poisoning becomes a dread of the past.

Get this free book and learn all the facts

It is impossible to give here all the facts about feminine hygiene which are naturally of absorbing interest to everybody. However, a free booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" covers the subject thoroughly. This is clear, concise and authoritative. Contains the whole truth, written frankly and scientifically, including detailed directions.

No woman who values personal hygiene should be without this booklet. It treats of various subjects relating to feminine charm and daintiness. Be sure to send for a copy today. Share it with friends.

Or better still, suggest that they write for a copy also. They will be grateful indeed. For there certainly is a widespread need for the information given. Check coupon below for book or books that you want forwarded.

Mail at once to the Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1 1 1

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or skin irritations. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

A word to all mothers

"The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" is a simple solution to the problem of advising your daughter. Don't wait too long only to find that some one else has taken your place in her confidence, some one perhaps with information incorrect and misleading. Don't tell your daughter. Give her this booklet to read.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1
Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 30-L
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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MAY 25, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6, No. 20

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

HOOVER AND THE FARMER

We agree with President Hoover in his recent stand on the perplexing farm problem.

He has told the members of Congress that to subsidize staple crops such as cotton, corn, and wheat, whether directly by cash or indirectly by debentures, would not, in his judgment, help the situation but instead would make it worse.

There are a variety of causes which have brought about the present low prices of farm products, and strangely enough some of these agencies have received the utmost governmental assistance.

For one thing, more land is in cultivation. This is due to irrigation, for which we are spending millions; to the woodman's axe; to the tile underdrain; to the reclamation of under-grade swamp land, and other, similar enterprises.

Again, the land which has been under cultivation in the past is now more intensely cultivated than it was. This is due to some extent to our fine Department of Agriculture, which has taught farmers to fertilize scientifically, to rotate crops, and to combat such blights as the boll weevil, corn borer, potato bug, gypsy moth, and Japanese beetle.

It is due also, of course, to our agricultural schools, which teach farmers to get more bushels per acre and more pounds of milk or meat per bushel by balanced feeding.

Then there has been the introduction of improved stock, such as Herefords, Holsteins, and Berkshires, which for a given feed produce more milk and meat than the scrub stock.

And further than this, there has been in some directions a lessening of demand.

One of the two crops clamoring most for relief is cotton. Well, everyone knows girls have given up petticoats and prefer "silk" stockings made of wood to the old-time cotton hosiery. They wear less clothes than ever, and cotton as little as possible.

This is true all over the world. Changing fashions have a profound effect on changing sales. At least a part of the southern farmers' distress can be blamed on Paris and Hollywood for setting non-cotton styles.

Go further. Why has our consumption of oats failed to keep pace with our increase of population? Because we haven't as many horses. Our acreage in oats is not perceptibly less, but our horses are less.

You can blame Detroit for this. Detroit makes automobiles.

Now, in very large areas of this country oats, corn, barley, wheat, and rye are interchangeable. In other words, by the rotation of crops the same field may be used for any one of these products. So, if the demand for oats falls off it is natural for the farmer to produce more corn, say, or rye.

Here is where the Noble Experiment comes in. We don't wish to discuss the prohibition question in this editorial, but some people do maintain that the city fellers in their grog shops used to drink more corn, rye, and barley in the old days than they do now.

And while you are looking for causes you can add, if you like, the get-thin cult, for which again Hollywood may be partly to blame.

Once American men and women were hearty eaters. Now they consider their figures in plus-fours and short skirts. This may be good for figures and health (though some girls certainly are injuring themselves by carrying it too far), but it is not good for the price of foods raised on farms.

Thus at many points along the line, while production has been increasing consumption has slowed.

Mr. Hoover maintains that to subsidize certain pivotal crops, such as wheat, corn, and cotton, will result in higher prices for the farmers who grow them. The farmers will then put more land in these particular crops and further increase production.

So a vicious circle will be established. The government will come to the end of its ability to subsidize, and we shall have a great crash in prices. It is difficult to see any other outcome.

As a matter of fact, the solution of this problem is not by subsidies, in our opinion. And yet we think the problem *is* soluble. The solution is direct and easy and certain.

This statement sounds like abracadabra, but in our next issue we propose to offer a solution practicable and reasonable in all its features.

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Planning high-speed business

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

More than 95% of the telephone calls from one town to another in the Bell System are now on a high-speed basis. This holds whether the call is between neighboring cities or half way across the continent.

Even if it is a long call, the operator in many cases now asks you to hold the telephone while the call is put through.

Calls from one town to another used to be handled by one operator taking your order and giving it to another group of operators to put through. You now give your call direct to the operators who put it through—and put it through fast while you are on the line. The average time for handling all toll and long distance calls in the Bell System was further materially reduced in 1928.

A high-speed service to all parts of the country—calls from one town to another as swift, clear and easy as local calls—that is the aim of the Bell System.

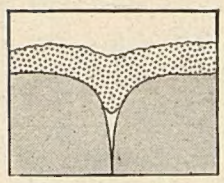
This is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give high-speed telephone service.

Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is ever the goal of the Bell System.

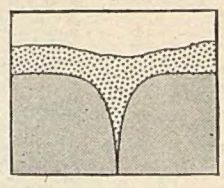
"The Telephone Books are the Directory of the Nation"

How this penetrating foam CLEANS TEETH BETTER

** Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

. . . and only 25¢ The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

It not only polishes the outer surfaces . . . but its penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles which cause trouble in the tiny crevices.

DON'T be content with merely polishing the outer surface of your teeth—that is easy. But be extra cautious about cleansing the tiny crevices where lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodge. Don't invite decay.

To wash away these hidden impurities, nothing equals Colgate's, accepted by dental scientists as having a greater penetrating power* than any other leading dentifrice.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't.

Remember, too, that Colgate's, being the world's largest selling toothpaste, is most economical—a 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand selling at 25c.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1616, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." FREE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

I saw her talking to Asprey; I saw that he admired her.

A Vagabond Tune

A Story of Fool's Gold

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

I WAS thin as a lizard, teak-faced, tall, tough. Going down Pitt Street, the people seemed to know me as a man from "outback." I suppose it is chiefly something in the eyes. Eyes of outback men appear to be looking at things a long way off.

I found the store and went up in the lift; I had to order an upright piano for a friend in the islands. They took me to the fourth floor and ushered me into a long airy room full of light and of the cold rich smell of pianos. It took me a moment or two to realize that I had seen it all before—years ago, in the days when I meant to be a concert artist, and gave lessons, being bitter poor. One used to have a second-hand "cottage," tucked away in a corner. . . . That was the corner, with an instrument in it, and someone invisible trying the keys. I made my way through the forest of new instruments, all shining like dark ice. The chords of the piano sounded well. . . . There, the player had drifted into a tune. What tune was it? Why, I knew it; it belonged to the place and the thoughts the place waked up. Nineteen-eleven . . . Nineteen-twenty-eight . . . In what year did I stand?

"Lord," I said, speaking aloud, "it's the Vagabond Tune."

"I beg pardon, sir," intervened the salesman. "Did you mention something that you wished?"

"The Vagabond Tune," I said again, not minding him; he was the sort one does not mind. "Stevenson's song!"

"Ah, Give to Me the Life I Love. Just so, sir. May I show you this beautiful full grand?"

"I prefer," I said, "the upright in the corner. Who is that playing it?"

I have stood a good many shocks in my time with unmoved countenance, but I am certain I changed colour when the player stood up and showed me the face of Willa Hope, almost as I remembered it sixteen years ago in this very room, on the day when she told me she was going to marry Jonathan Burgess.

She had been my pupil. I taught her little—of music—

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

Four Liberty Authors

"HAS travelled alone in many parts of the world off the beaten track, Canary Islands, the South Seas, Fiji, the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands, the unknown cannibal country of Papua, New Guinea, Celebes, Borneo, the Moluccas, New Britain, Burma, Straits Settlements, Java, Dutch New Guinea, mandated territory of New Guinea; first white woman to ascend notorious Sepik River and Fly River." . . . Try that on your map of the world. It is the matter of-fact summary, in Who's Who, of the wanderings of BEATRICE GRIMSHAW, born in Ireland (she doesn't say when), and in this merry month of May leading LIBERTY'S table of contents as author of the adjacent tale about a lady who bathed in gold. Some people dream of going alone to far places; Miss Grimshaw went—and there's the difference in human beings. The neatly typed "Port Moresby, Papua" on the first sheet of each of her manuscripts always makes us restless.

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, with whose name you are familiar, started reviewing pictures on the old Dramatic Mirror, the first publication to print critical comments about films. Since then he has held an unbroken succession of editorships on various motion picture magazines; incidentally, he conducted the contest which introduced Clara Bow to the screen. . . . TOM EADIE, diver, was the hero of the raising of the submarine S 51 and of the rescue of Fred Michels on the sunken S 4. He tells of the latter adventure on page 38. . . . MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE reviewed plays and movies in New York before she acquired the subject matter of that provocative article for LIBERTY which she entitled I Love My Children but Gosh How They Wear Me Out. For several years she has been reading manuscripts for us, and in that time has rejected something like 10,000 stories by aspiring authors. When she submits one of her own it is an experience comparable in poignancy to that of a dentist having one of his own teeth out. . . . No; we don't always accept her pieces.

Beatrice Grimshaw

Frederick James Smith

Tom Eadie

Mabel McElliott Clarke

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Prize Awards for solutions of The Mystery of the Pencil Factory, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 66

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but I did her delicately rare voice no harm, nor her delicate soul—I hope. I do not know. I had amused myself to the point of burning my fingers before I told her that I hadn't a sou, never would have, was a wanderer born, and no possible mate for her. That hurts and hardens a girl, if you are too long in telling it.

She married Burgess in the same year. I used to look for her name in the papers when the six-weekly mails came in to my trading station; I hoped to see her famous. But there was always silence, and at last I realized that I and Burgess between us (I knew him, the coarse-haired brute) had cut the throat of this little song bird, who could not sing unless she was light of heart.

There is no time—outback. I swear I had not realized it was sixteen years until I came upon Willa in that room, and saw her not much changed, it is true, but past youth and the days of wonderful possibilities; richly dressed, sobered, and settled—and not content.

"Look!" she said, dropping the green frock. I looked at her white skin and saw it all powdered with yellow dust.

She was on her feet, holding out a delicate hand to me, looking up with those brown-gold eyes of hers, too bright, too restless . . . just the same. Was it I or the hungry years that had kept the restless brightness in them? A woman's eyes, if she is happy, are soft and slow.

I don't know what she said; the correct thing, no doubt. She was well trained to it by now. What I said I do remember, because it shocked the piano man.

"Your husband's dead, isn't he? Thank God. Come out to lunch."

We went together to the lift. The piano man followed us, every hair, metaphorically speaking, on end. I remembered him as we reached the ground floor, handed him a pound note. "That's to close the bargain for my friend," I said.

THEN we dived into the roar of Pitt Street, and Willa, looking up at me, said, "You're just the same. You didn't want to spoil his lunch with the thought of a lost commission."

And I said, "He's a white rat. I wanted to get him off my mind. They scrabble."

And she said, "Oh, don't they? I know. The world is full of them."

And later, if you want to know, I paid him; that was that.

I was going to the Diplomats, but she plucked my sleeve. "A cheaper place," she said. "*They* might be there." I knew she meant the Family.

She had had no children of her own; Burgess' first family, most of them older than herself, absorbed her while he was alive, swallowed her after his death. It was they who had thrown fits and shrieked when she whispered something about going on the stage.

"They meant it for the best," she told me as we lingered over our meal in the lounge of a quiet little place I know, not far from the foam and the blue of the harbour. "They were always kind."

"Damn meaning it for the best," I said. "That's what I did!"

She winced a little. "We couldn't have known—then," she acquiesced. "Nobody could have known that I wouldn't settle down—inside, I mean. Outside—look at me."

SHE was easy to look at; I told her so. She had still that little flower face, with its soft natural colour not yet faded, and the dainty heart-shaped mouth I knew so well—too well. There was about her, even as she sat, a strange lightness, imponderability almost, such as one often finds in creatures cursed with genius; as if the "bird in the breast" were always fluttering.

I've seen that look in a fat actress of fifty; she could make you forget her years and her hundredweight-and-a-half with a movement of her hands, a quiver of eyelashes. It's not sex appeal—though they have that, too. It's the eternal youth of genius shining through veils of flesh. Great talents do not grow old. And in this little creature beside me, whom long ago I had left "for her good," a great talent lay buried, forever now.

Buried. That was the word. Over Willa's face had been spread, laid painstakingly, year after year, the enamel of life spent in society. She was crushed down, cut to pattern, and yet, through all, something of the real Willa shone.

"What do you do with your life?" I asked her, lighting her cigarette at mine. It was pleasant to see her eyes avoid that close contact, her lips tremble a little on the amber mouthpiece of the holder.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A VAGABOND TUNE
Continued from page nine]

"Oh, I do a great deal," she answered swiftly. "The Burgess women take me everywhere."

"I'll wager. Cabarets, committees, dances, garden parties and dinner parties, and Government House—everything you *ought* to do, and—"

"Nothing that I really want to," she finished, taking the words out of my mouth. "But, I suppose, we weren't sent into this world to do just what we—"

"Stow that," I interrupted somewhat brutally. "You know better. Within the limits that every decent man and woman knows, we were sent into the world to do what we want, have what we like. Don't let the Burgesses trample that out of you as they've trampled everything else."

"Oh!" she said suddenly, tears sparkling, brimming in her gold-brown eyes, so that instinctively I put myself between her and the rest of the room. "Oh, Phil—Phil Saltair! Do you remember how we sang that song together—*Give to me the life I love. Let the lave go by me?* And you've had everything, and I've had nothing at all."

"Well," I said, "some folks might say you'd had a good deal—of a sort. And I suppose he left you well provided."

"Yes, under two conditions. One was that I shouldn't go on the stage—the poor dear didn't even know it was too late for that. The other—" She played with her pearl chain and looked out at the harbour. Steamboats were fussing past the window, the Manly boat, the Lane Cove boat.

"Oh, I know," I told her. "They always put in that clause. And do you want to hold on to it all?"

"No," she said sadly, "but I must, I'm afraid."

I bent across the table and fixed her eyes with mine.

She could not hold that glance; she did not wish to hold it. Her lids sank down.

"Will you—let the lave go by?" I said.

"Oh, my God, yes!" said Willa. "Take me away, Phil, I'm going to cry."

I got her into a taxi within two minutes. She leaned up against me, and sobbed a little, and I quieted her in the one only way as we spun through the traffic, and I dare say the Burgesses—there are thousands of them and their kind—saw us and said it was a disgrace. Oh, I am not going to tell the whole of it—there was some talk, and some arguing, and impossibilities were proved to be possible, and *couldn'ts* changed to *wills*. And later in the day, with a new-bought ring in my pocket, we made a visit to a certain dry and dusty office where the officials, like Omar Khayyam's vintner, were ready all day long to sell you things more precious than any they could buy; pour for you wine of Paradise, asking in return nothing but a signature and a fee. . . .

. . . .

I DON'T know what Willa had expected of my island, but I think the reality astonished her. We came upon it in a clove-pink sunset, traveling by launch from the steamer port. Otira Island is small but high, surrounded by a reef which, acting as a natural breakwater, keeps the white sand shore always quiet, and the celadon-green shallows still as jewels in the necklaces of queens long dead.

On Otira there is always a hint, bitter-sweet, of sadness and of death. I think it comes in part from the casuarina trees behind the beach, sighing trees with drooping long thin fingers that play forever on the mighty harp of a trade wind; in part, also, from the never-ceasing rumour of the wool-white reefs, far out, to which one listens day-long and night-long without ever fathoming the meaning of the message they seem incessantly trying to send.

I know that with her sensitive artist soul Willa felt the place, caught the spirit of it, when our launch had left us among the ghost-pale trunks of the palms, with the matchless rose of a late Pacific sunset dying beyond the beach.

She turned to me and said, "This place is a dream, Phil, but I don't know yet what sort of dream it will turn out to be."

"It's so far from being a dream," I told her as I piloted her up the darkening track to the grass-roofed bungalow, "that it represents the only successful bit of commerce in my life; my insurance, so to speak. I wouldn't have stolen you away from the Burgesses if I hadn't had Otira to fall back upon. The palms here are worth a good deal; they would keep you if I died. I own the place, such as it is, and nothing can take it from me."

"It seems to be a little gold mine," she said, glancing down upon the dusky crests of innumerable palms as we climbed higher and higher through half-dark.

"BETTER," I said. "No one who knows the Western Islands but shies at the name of gold as a horse shies at a motor—or used to when we had horses. People don't make safe money out of gold. These 'consols of the Pacific' are better. We stay here for a week or two, just to set things going on the plantation, and then we start recruiting."

"Recruiting?" She laughed, puzzled.

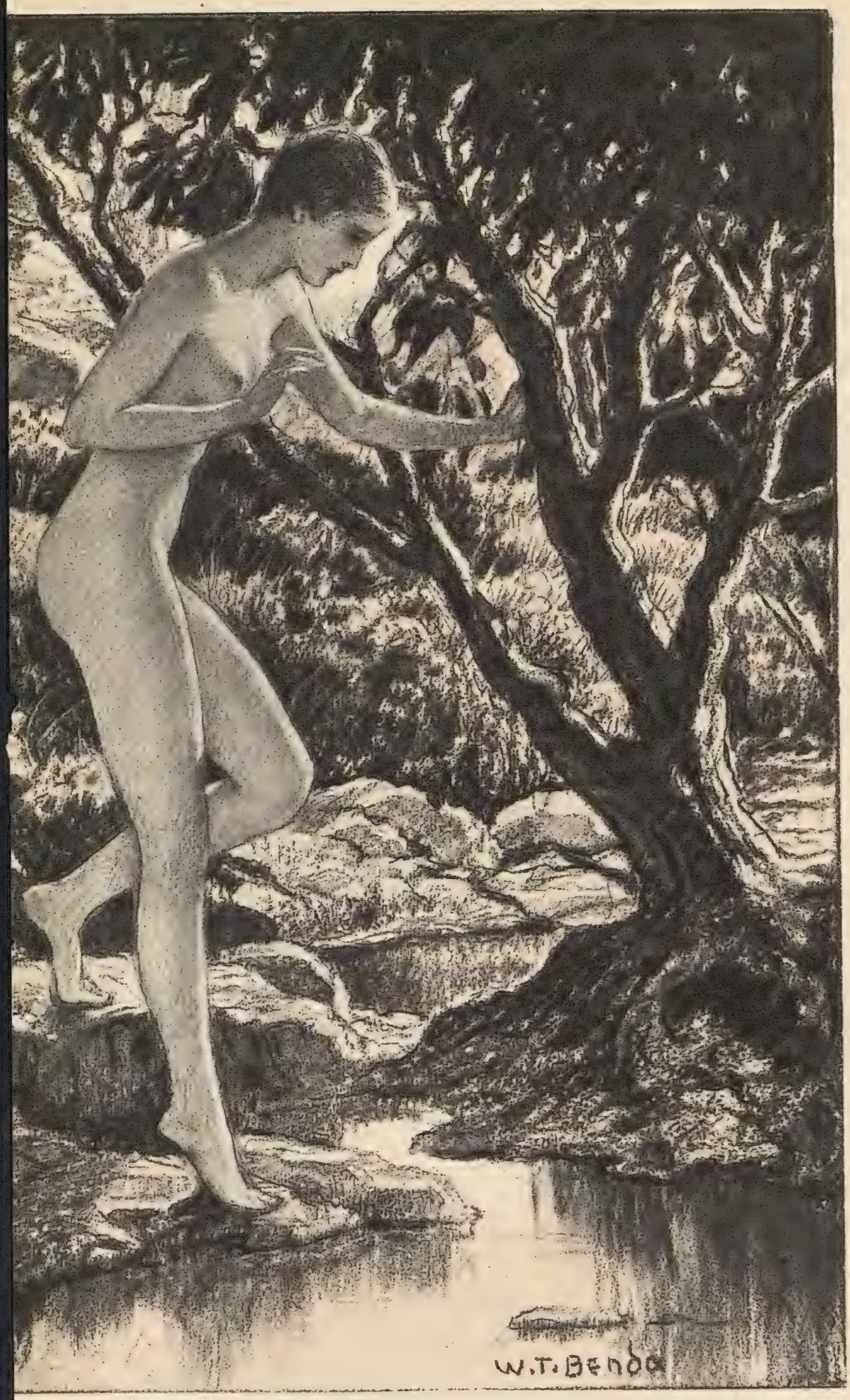
"I make beef and biscuit out of it—that, and the bit of trade. And you will help me. Recruiting is bringing labour to the mainland plantations from the islands and villages outback. I have a secret that the other fellows haven't—I take my fiddle. You will see."

She did see. She came with me as I had known she would, fearing nothing.

The rubber plantations were just beginning to bear at that time, and planters were hungry for labour; you could get six pounds commission on every man you brought to the settlements. Some of the recruiters, I knew, used brutal methods, fomented quarrels among the people in order to make them leave their villages, forced and overpersuaded them. I used to bring them running, as the Pied Piper brought the children of Hamelin, and by much the same means. It isn't often that a man who could have made his living as a violinist visits a head-hunting village.

I had studied their own crude but enthralling chants and drumbeats, the music that goes to their hearts, calls them to battle and to love, the music that, as the basis

She had fo



basin near the shore, and after dawn used to bathe there.

of jazz, has taken even the white world by storm. I outjazzed them on their own ground; no violin was ever made to do the things I did with mine. They would have sold their souls for me. Dances and festivals followed me everywhere. And so, through the great lost groups of islands in the sunset Pacific where almost no one goes, I went with Willa, and neither of us feared.

Many a time it was indeed "bed in the bush" for both of us, but she, who had lived softly all her days, now laughed at hardship, sailed from island to island with me in my hired ketch, cooked our food on camp fires, climbed waterfalls and waded river beds, and, through it all, grew younger day by day.

"We're runaways, Phil," she said to me more than once. "We've run away from civilization, and it doesn't forgive; it will hit us, punish us somehow; it's so terribly strange. . . . But, oh, it's good to be a runaway!"

We landed our human cargo, left the ketch with its owner, and took canoe to Otira. I remember how the blue sea, patterned with amethyst and honey-coloured shoals, shone among the fluttering fingers of the casuarina trees as we landed and looked back; how the pale trunks of the palms leaned out as if to meet and welcome us, and the violet and green parrots came screaming out of the bush. Up above us, the high thatch of our bungalow peered through mango crowns, waiting.

"What is there better?" I asked, taking her to my heart there where we stood on the salt-white sands of the beach.

And she answered, her eyes darkened by some strange emotion, "We love it too much. . . ."

IN three weeks' time a good-sized schooner came through the islands, and called at Otira. This was unusual, almost unheard of. Canoes, small cutters passed at times, but a largish vessel, such as we saw lying off the passage when we got up one morning, had never, I think, been seen at Otira before. She was signaling for a pilot; I felt myself bound to go out and help her, though I wanted nothing less than visits from the outer world.

She had been chartered, I found, by a little party of mining men anxious to prospect some of the scattered islands.

"What's the bright idea?" I asked a man who seemed to be the leader of the party. He was a fine-looking specimen, young in every sense of the word—not young at heart, or still young, or in the prime of life, or anything foolish and euphemistic of that sort—just plain young.

And looking at him, as he stood beside me on the breezy deck, his shirt thrown open over a throat as smooth as a girl's, his bright, birdlike eyes looking round him keen as an eagle's, I felt for the first time the breath of the small cold wind that blows from the land of middle age.

"I thought the captain had told you," was his answer, somewhat delayed.

"He says you're a prospecting party."

"That's it." The young man—Asprey was his name—was now examining critically, through a pair of binoculars, the shores and the peak of Otira. I felt as if I had seen him put up his glasses at my wife.

"What are you prospecting for?" I demanded. "I'm the owner of this place."

"You don't refuse us permission to land?" he asked.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A VAGABOND TUNE
Continued from page eleven]

"By no means. Land all you like. What are you looking for?"

"Didn't you know they've found gold on Hat Island?"

It was not Asprey who had spoken; it was the captain again, a kindly, beery, sailing-ship sailor.

"I've been away on the mainland. No, I did not know," I answered. "Come ashore and dine with me, won't you?"

Willa and her house boys entertained the strangers with perfect hospitality. "Nothing goes to waste," I thought, seeing in the perfect ease of her welcome, the skill with which she kept them all amused and contented, traces of those many years given up to society. "Whatever there is to be known, she'll know it before sundown," I said to myself, and left the prospectors—four of them—as much as possible to her, while I entertained the captain.

Under the nave of our brown and golden roof, where the sunbeams slid through the eaves in wands of wavering light, talk flowed gayly. The four friends had come up from Cooktown in their little steamer, fired by accounts of good gold got on Hat Island. Hat Island was twenty miles from Otira, but Asprey—who seemed to be the geologist of the party as well as its leader—had told them that he thought the formation ran under water, and probably came up again near my place. Otira was, comparatively, so small that they didn't expect much, but they meant to lie off for a day or two and prospect it before they went to the Brandon Chain, a little beyond.

Willa had on a sea-green cotton frock, a cheap thing, but it made her look, with her fair shingled hair and clear skin, like a lily from the beach. I saw her talking to Asprey; I saw that he admired her. There was a curious chill in the thought that she was so much older than he—older by perhaps ten years. Why should that matter? Why should it trouble me, who loved Willa so that she might have had gray hair instead of wheat-coloured, wrinkles instead of silky skin, without lessening my admiration for all that she was and had?

But it did matter. Instinct, in this, ran ahead of reason. I felt that the triumphant, insouciant youth of these four men in some way menaced us. . . . I was right.

They left the house and, quartering the ground, proceeded to hunt the little island for gold as a pig hunts for truffles. They did the same on the next day, and the next. The day after that, they "upped anchor" and left us, and once more Otira, our Otira, was quiet, lone; once more you could hear the fish leap in the lagoon, and the coconuts fall with a soft shock from the trees, and the casuarinas whisper against the deep diapason of the reef. Otira was ours once more.

"I DID not like their coming," confessed Willa. "I hated it—though Mr. Asprey was a delightful boy, really and truly. I suppose they couldn't have bothered us, even if they had found anything, the place being ours?"

"Oh, couldn't they?" I countered scornfully. "You don't know mining laws, my love. If they had found so much as a speck of gold you could hold on the point of a needle, they'd have had the right to tear up the whole place. Yes, we'd have had a claim, but claims, on a small island like this, would never repay one for the loss of everything else. And anyhow, nothing could pay one for Otira."

"Nothing," she said, and she hummed, very low and sweet, a line or two of the Vagabond Song that was, by now, our psalm of life. Willa sang for me often, and I found a rich delight in keeping all to myself the delicate, lovely talent that might have given pleasure to thousands—if the Burgesses had not stamped on it too soon.

There followed, upon this, a time of perfect peace. It was the sweet of the year when the southeast blows gently. Willa had not, until now, seen the wonder of a tropical winter, that is not winter at all, nor yet summer; just a nameless, delicious Paradise lying between the two. She used to love the freshness of early morning; she had found a secret basin among the rocks near the shore, and after dawn she used to bathe there, naked as Venus, rejoicing in the sun that as yet had not power to harm, and the coolness of the water that came down from somewhere unseen above.

"I found a new pool today," she told me once. "It's the loveliest place, round and shallow, and hidden away in the bush. You'd never discover it, unless by chance. I was dressed when I found it, but I'm going to bathe there tomorrow."

"By all means," I agreed, a little amused by her eagerness. "We're quite up-to-date in the matter of bathrooms here, it seems. One apiece, and half a dozen over." For we had, island fashion, a couple of galvanized washtubs in the house.

SHE came back next morning pale and silent as a spirit. She hardly spoke during breakfast—it seemed as if she carried some intolerable weight upon her mind.

"Did anything happen to you, frighten you, out there in the bush?" I asked her anxiously.

"I—no," she said, looking down at the black palm floor.

"Then what's the matter? What's on your mind?"

"Nothing. It's on my body."

"What do you mean? What has—"

"Look!" she said, dropping the green frock from her shoulder and drawing away the thin chemise.

Catching my breath with fear of I did not know what, I looked at her white skin and saw it all powdered over with dust that sparkled—yellow dust—dust of gold.

"I lay in the sand of the pool," she said dully. "I found that when I rose. I left it for you to see."

There was silence. We stared at each other. Willa slid the green dress on again; her eyes never left mine.

A friar bird outside cried shrewdly, "What will you do? What will you do?" and a blue and gold lizard ran along the thatch with a crackling sound.

She was the first to break the silence.

"I always knew we'd be punished," she said. "We went and slipped away through the looking-glass—but people weren't meant to live on the wrong sides of looking-glasses, shirking life."

"That's the Burgess in you," I told her, half angrily. "By shirking life, you mean avoiding the things you don't like. No one's the worse because we choose to enjoy ourselves."

"Perhaps," she said doubtfully. "But, Phil, oh, Phil—are we going to be allowed to enjoy anything any more?"

I had seen gold rushes. I knew what they could do. For the moment, I could find no word of reassurance. Then a thought occurred to me. What fools we were! The place had been prospected; was not likely to be gone over again. Somehow or other, the four young men had missed that significant stream, omitted to pan out its pools. There was no reason why they should ever know anything about it.

I told her so.

"If we're not doing anyone a wrong," she said.

"Of all the cases of inflamed conscience! Certainly we're not. Now go and have another bath, in the sea this time, and wash the traces of your crime away. Nobody'll ever know."

For a while she seemed distrait and worried, but that passed off and once more we were as we had been. The southeast season went on its way, with long fanfare of winds that never ceased to blow, loud in the cymbaling palm trees, low among the soft green harps of the casuarina forest. I showed her what she had never seen before; the wonderful procession of the trade-wind clouds that every forenoon ranged itself along the verges of the sky—warriors and queens, thrones, chariots, flying steeds, wild robes, and streaming hair—flung upon the horizon with a prodigally generous hand, as though the dreams of all sculptors yet to come were there, prematurely bodied forth in cumulus cloud.

"One doesn't," she said thoughtfully, "miss the art galleries here."

"No. When you get outside the world—the world as you knew it, Willa—the raw material, the roots of every art, are in your hands. . . . Remember the music in that hill town where the head hunters danced? Remember the stone carvings in the cave? I find these things are to ordinary art, as the spring water of the Iliad is to the beer and gingerbeer of the Chelsea poets. Now make me a pie, one of your own beautiful pies, and, if possible, I'll love you even more than I do. Highbrow talk is hungry."

. . . . .

I thought she was content, but on the day when the canoe came in with Asprey, I learned that she was not. A woman, it seems, forgets nothing. From the moment when the canoe grounded on the beach and the paddlers lifted out of it the wreck of what had been, some weeks before, a splendid youth, Willa was sure that disaster came with him.

"I was only waiting for that," she sighed as we lifted him out. Her eyes brimmed over at the sight of that golden youth, six weeks ago so strong, now beaten to the earth, like a flower after rain, by the fierce storms of island fever.

Afterward, we heard the story. Asprey had gone with his co-adventurers from island to island of the Brandon Chain, prospecting without success. It seemed as if the gold of Hat Island, which ran right through the rocky plateau to the beach, disappeared thence into unknown depths and was no more to be found.

Some of the islands, swampy and low, were the very homes of malaria. Asprey had taken no precautions, trusting to his youth and strength. But fever, when it strikes, takes small account of either. He grew so seriously ill that his companions took fright and set him on board a canoe, directing the native owners to bring him forthwith to Otira, where they judged—rightly enough—that he would get the care they could not give. They themselves, taking the chance of a favourable wind, went on to the end of the Brandon Chain. They would return for him when all the islands had been thoroughly prospected and the gold question settled one way or another.

Asprey told us this when he was sufficiently recovered to talk. He told us of his plans, and the plans of his companions. Illness, as often happens, had snapped his reserve.

ASPREY, or Lew, as we were calling him by this time, soon had no secrets from us. His gratitude was touching, if not always happily expressed. I remember how Willa left the room and came along the veranda to me, half laughing and half in a rage, the day he told her we were just like parents to him.

"Parents! I ask you!" she said. "And I am not yet thirty-six!"

"What age is he?"

"Twenty-three."

She was suddenly silent. She seemed to think, stirring mechanically the cup of beef tea she held in her hand.

"This will want more hot water," she said presently. She went away to the kitchen, and her eyes avoided mine.

I am well read in my Dickens, as are all the island folk. I quoted ruefully from Jerry Cruncher, "She's goin' to flop again!" Not that I pictured Willa kneeling in prayer on the ant-bed concrete of the kitchen floor, beef tea cup in hand. . . . No, it was something more complex, more dangerous, that I foresaw, if this mood of hers held. Nevertheless, it was kin to "flopping." I was conscious of a certain belated sympathy with the misunderstood resurrectionist.

After this, Willa, who seemed to have burned out her indignation in one brief flare, was kinder than ever to Lew. I must confess that he was the most engaging youth that I had seen for years.

He had a mind that matched his splendid body, and a character one could not help but love.

Willa didn't make me jealous of Lew Asprey, but if she did not, it was more because the puritanical spirit of her youth had tight hold of her than because she was unmoved by all this youth and beauty, given over, literally, to her hands. I think she took it out in a kind of spurious maternity; she babied him.

Withal, she seemed to be imbued with something almost like remorse where Asprey was concerned. It was as if she could never do enough, never tire herself sufficiently in his service.

I caught her shedding secret tears once or twice, and I will own that I felt uneasy, for I recognized the further development of what I must call the "flopping" impulse. To put it briefly, I began to fear for our secret; the secret on which the peace, the happiness, the safety of our lives depended.

ALTHOUGH I had spoken no further word to Willa about her discovery, I had not let the matter drop there. Alone, I had gone out to the secret pool and panned a dish or two. I am no prospector; as I said before, I hate gold and the uglinesses it brings along with it—as only a man of the wilderness can hate it, because only men of the wilderness truly know what the search for it is and does. But any fool can fill a tin basin with sludge and spill water in and out till the metal it contains lies bare.

I had done this: I had collected the small, significant residue, looked at it much as I might have looked at the poison fangs of a snake, and hidden it securely away. That such a little thing could do so much! That it had power to wreck our sweet brown house, cut down our stately palms, rip up the very bowels of the beloved island, and turn our home to a hell! Not all prospectors were like Asprey and his mates; the adventurers who would surely be attracted by this rich find (for I did not minimize its importance; it seemed to go at least an ounce to the dish) were certain to be, in the main, rough characters.

Oh, for the peace of Otira, for the golden dream that we had hoped to go on dreaming all our lives! And I thought:

> "There's wisdom in woman, of more than they have known,
> And thoughts go blowing through them are greater than their own."

I went up to the house again. Lew Asprey was asleep. Willa beckoned me out on to the far veranda where we could not disturb him.

"He's miles better today," she said. "We can let him sit up tomorrow. Phil, I want to talk to you; I've something to say."

"Then don't say it," I answered her. "I know what it is beforehand, and I won't agree."

"You don't know everything," she said. "I want to show you this." She had a little leather case in her hand. She opened it and gave it to me.

"Where did you get this?"

"Stole it while he was sleeping," she answered coolly. "Look at it, don't talk."

It was the photograph of a girl, a snapshot, taken in bathing dress, and not much dress at that. The surf beat round her knees, her arms were outstretched, balancing against the pull of the waves. She was looking straight into the camera, and there was that in her face that made me feel like Peeping Tom.

I handed the picture back to Willa. My scruples did not seem to trouble her; she held it close and stared at it.

"Oh!—o-oh, Phil!" she said. "Isn't she a beauty? Look at her eyes! They must have eyelashes an inch long. And what a kissy mouth! I wonder how often he's—"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A VAGABOND TUNE
Continued from page thirteen]

"Darling, do be decent, if you can!"

"I'm not being anything else. A man may kiss his fiancée, I hope."

"Is she his—?"

"Well, what do you think? She's a gentlewoman, every inch, even in next to no clothes. And I suppose you never noticed the ring; men don't."

"Is there—?"

"Yes. I took the magnifying glass to it; it's a diamond half-hoop, and she must have put it on again for the photo, because no girl in her senses would wear one in the surf."

Magnifying glass! Stolen photograph! But Willa had the knack of making everything she did seem right.

"You go and put that back where you found it," I told her. "And don't talk to me of doing anything I've said I wouldn't do, because I won't do it—you Mrs. Jerry Cruncher, you."

She kept her ground. Small and soft as she looked, Willa had the persistence, the innate strength of waves and tides. You could hold her back in one place; it mattered not, she would slip, flow in through another.

"I think you haven't looked at it as I do," she said. "Is it fair that these two creatures, so young and in love, should have their lives spoiled just because you and I won't tell about that gold in the river potholes? We have our rights, but what are they compared to the rights of the—of the "—she faltered, but brought it out bravely at last—"of the young? Lew Asprey has ventured everything on this. He told me. He little thought how much I—"

The words seemed to die on her lips. She stared at me as if she had seen a ghost. I swung round, feeling as if a ghost stood behind me and saw—something very like a ghost; Lew Asprey, tall and thin and very pale, holding on to the back of a chair.

"I won't apologize for overhearing," he said. "I came out to ask Mrs. Saltair if she had seen anything of this, and I—"

It was assuredly a difficult position. Lew Asprey ended it by quietly possessing himself of the photograph and tottering away. We heard him drop on the bed again.

"That's torn it," I said. "You've got your wish now, sweetheart, and much good may it do you."

She stood for a moment on the edge of the high veranda, looking down over the silvery tops of our tall palms, over the garden and the huts of the native boys, and the virgin, shining beach below.

"Shall we have to leave it?" she asked slowly, and as if her heart were weighing her down—down. It was my part to comfort her, pretend that I liked and approved of everything. "We may have," I said cheerfully, "but what's the odds? There are a thousand islands in the South Seas just as lovely as this, and we have no tie to hold us."

On that she looked at me so strangely that I could only take her in my arms and tell her how little anything mattered, ever could matter, as long as we were together.

I DON'T know just how I meant to handle the business of the gold discovery, but Lew Asprey saved me that trouble. He was recovering fast now. The very next morning he was up and in his clothes before Willa or I came into the room. I found him looking over the wide view of Otira that one could see through the open doorway.

"That you, Saltair?" he said easily. "They say gold is where you find it, but I'll allow I was fairly taken in. I didn't think—well, if you'll lend me a dish I'll try a bit of prospecting before the sun gets too high. You said the potholes in the stream that runs through the big thicket? Williams, the little chap who came with me, you know, took that part of the island; he must have been damned careless. But all's well that ends well."

He seemed extremely cheerful, and I could not but admire the tact with which he skated over the thin ice on which we had all been standing since yesterday.

"You mustn't go out so soon," said Willa. "A cup of coffee first—you'll be too tired. You aren't strong yet, you know."

"You've been the dearest nurse in the world, and I can never thank you or Saltair enough," he said with that engaging smile of his, "but I'm nobody's patient now, you dear people; I'm myself again, and I'll get to work. Oh, by the way, I sighted our boat a few minutes ago; she'll be in in an hour or so."

We didn't trouble ourselves much about that. If the storm had to fall, it was all one whether it fell today or in six months' time. But Willa would not let go her charge so easily.

"You really aren't fit," she persisted, "and, anyhow, I can save you the trouble, if you'll wait a minute."

She slipped away into our room. It was no surprise to me, following her, to see her go straight to my hiding place and pull out the little packet that I thought no one knew about save myself. Willa was Willa; what she did not know about you, or anyone else, was not worth knowing.

HOLDING it rather as if it burned her, she came back into the room.

"Sit down," she said to Asprey. "Give me your hand," and into it she poured the glittering dust.

He looked at it, then at her. He made no move to touch it. "Is this the gold?" he asked.

"Yes, that's what we got."

Over his keen young face a mask seemed to fall. I could not tell what he was thinking. For an instant he sat quite still, looking at the little shining pool that lay in his outstretched palm. Then he touched it with a finger point, put his tongue to it, rose, and tossed it over the veranda rail. It fell in a rain of sparkles and was gone.

"Pyrites," was the one word he said.

Willa began to laugh and I hurried her away, because I thought she was becoming hysterical. We both forgot about Asprey, did not even remember the crushing disappointment he had just taken so bravely. We forgot about the prospecting boat; about everything in the world but ourselves.

"Otira is ours still," I said. "Keep hold of yourself, sweet. There's nothing to cry about. We'll sail to the hills again, and sing the people out of their villages, and wander, and when we're tired of wandering, Otira will be waiting for us, always. We've cheated the high gods; there's nothing coming to us."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Willa, and suddenly I understood. The solitude was over, the days of irresponsibility past.

That night Lew Asprey came to us from the ship.

"We sail at sun-up," he said to me. "I can never thank you for all you two have done."

("Little thanks you owe us, if intentions counted," I thought.)

"I'm sure you'd like to know," he went on, leaning against the rail of the veranda, "that Williams had luck on the last island of the Brandon Chain; he's struck good gold there, and I think we're all made men." Insensibly, his hand strayed to the breast pocket where, I knew, the case with the picture lay.

What you lose on the swings, you make on the roundabouts, but what you make on the roundabouts, you may lose on the swings. That's how it works out. And do not think you can escape the fate that evens things, and makes you pay your bills somehow, somewhen. You cannot, nor can I.

. . . . . .

We called them Philip and Otira. It will be some years, yet, before these little angels with their flaming swords drive us forth forever from our Eden, back to the cities and the schools and the Burgesses again. The world is full of Burgesses, and they (almost) always win.

THE END

Who is this? This is Don Bosco Pimento, ex-steward to the king.

He seems to be in jail. He certainly is!

What's the matter anyhow? We'd rather not talk about it.

Did he start a revolution? Worse! He forgot the king's daily supply of CHICOS.

We feel sorry for Don Bosco, but at the same time the king is only human. * * * If you've ever tasted Chicos you can imagine how he must have felt. * * * If you haven't tried Chicos—Señor, what you have missed! * * * Choicest Spanish peanuts. Roasted to bring out all their tantalizing flavor. Toasted over an open fire. Blanched, salted. * * * Then sealed in glassine bags. Packed in air-tight boxes. Sold from air-tight jars and handy counter containers * * * And so *you* get Chicos—*fresh*, crisp, fragrant with their just-toasted goodness. Chock-full of food energy. Easy to digest because they're toasted. *Good* for you! * * * Next time you see a red-yellow-black Chicos jar or counter container give the man a nickel and help yourself to a bag. *Hola!* What peanuts!

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OTTO SCHNERING, *President*
Makers of the famous Baby Ruth Candy and Baby Ruth Gum

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Sold only in glassine bags from air-tight jars and handy counter containers. Never sold in bulk.

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

All in the Family

Some Memories of an American Home

By

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Pets

ALL well regulated families, especially if they live in the country, have pets. They are an unfailing source of pleasure.

Our family is no exception to the rule. The first that I can remember were dogs. The Bible guardedly remarks that a live dog is better than a dead lion. I believe this to be an understatement. I think he is better than a live lion. Kipling is much closer to the truth when he speaks of him as "the first friend."

We might justly have smarted under the statement of Robert Trinder's aunt, who says, "This house is rotten with dogs." One of these was a corpulent black and white collie named Dare in honor of his Scotch blood. Another was a smooth-haired Irish terrier called Nora in honor of her Irish blood.

Nationality in this case proved no bar to affection, and Nora one spring day presented us with two puppies, both males. In deference to their Irish mother they were brown, while their collie blood showed in their size. Of course we children were delighted. I was allowed to name one, and called him Pat. Kermit, to whom fell the christening of the other, was of a more original turn of mind. He named him Susan, because "it is a nice name." No amount of argument could shake Kermit in his determination. Through a long and checkered career that large brown male dog went by that very feminine name.

The author about 1899 in his Albany Academy uniform, with his Manchester terrier Jack, the original "Jack dog."

Quentin Roosevelt, son of the author, entertains a visitor from a home near by.

Names are always oddly assorted when given by children. An old and cynical farm horse we called Black Prince. A pig we christened Sulky Dunraven, after the yachtsman; another, with the frankness of brothers, after my sister Ethel, because of some fancied resemblance. The other day we bought a new cow. The children trooped up to see her. They liked her and at once named her after a Mrs. Peabody, of whom they were very fond. Fortunately the lady in question has children of her own, and appreciated the compliment.

Pat early went the way of all flesh, but Susan lived many years and was a great favorite with all of us. His almost imbecile good temper with children was only equaled by his uncompromising ferocity toward other dogs.

Alice, my sister, was devoted to him. She named one of her legs Susan. The other she called after any member of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gracie, first grandchild of T. R., and her family of make-believe pet animals.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

the family of whom she was particularly fond at the moment.

Susan's running mate was a little female wire-haired Scotch terrier, correctly named Jessie. When trotting down the road ahead of us she suggested the sights of a rifle, for her tail showed between her ears in much the way the foresight of a rifle shows between the flanges of the rear sight when you take aim.

Time waxed and waned. Susan and Jessie chivvied their last rabbit and went to the Happy Hunting Grounds. They were followed by a long dynasty of dogs extending to the present day. " Mongrel puppy, whelp and hound, and cur of low degree." They ranged from blooded collies to what my father used to call " Heinz pickle " dogs of fifty-seven varieties.

Gracie, at an earlier age, with real live pets, a dignified St. Bernard and a pert spaniel.

ONE of the aristocrats among these was a Chesapeake Bay dog. We called him Sailor Boy. His coat was dark brown and tightly curled and his disposition left nothing to be desired. Then there was a funny little cur, the especial property of Archie. He was named Skip. His color was black and tan. In size he was smaller than a fox terrier, but sturdily built, with a butty, determined tail. He was one of a pack of cougar and bear hounds belonging to Johnny Goff, with whom my father had hunted. The little fellow was a prodigy of valor. During hunting days in the West he had ridden on the saddle of some sportsman while the pack was trailing. When the animal was brought to bay he would hop off and join in the fight. In spite of this he took kindly to peaceful Oyster Bay. Archie was almost inconsolable when he was killed one day by an automobile.

The dog which held the largest place in the family affections was Jack, a Manchester terrier. He was given to me when Father was governor. In build he was slight, but larger than a fox terrier. His color was black, shading to brown on belly and legs. He slept in my bed at night. When I say " in," I mean just that. Originally it was decreed that he should lie at the foot outside of the covers. My room was very cold. Gradually he formed the habit of coming to the top of the bed, nosing his way under the bedclothes, and working to the foot like a miniature earthquake. There he would curl himself into a small black ball and act as an animated hot-water bottle.

At first Mother regarded him with deep suspicion. All our other dogs had been outside dogs. He was a house dog. Besides this he was little more than a puppy and his appetite was odd. First he ate my maiden aunt's shoes. Next he exhibited a fondness for the backs of morocco-bound books.

TIME passed and I had to go to boarding school. My mother remarked heartlessly that it was a question either of me going to school or the rest of the family. With misgivings I left Jack in her care, for I felt she would be a severe disciplinarian.

On coming home for the Christmas holidays all was changed. Jack was the undisputed tyrant of the household. When I had left, Jack had been allowed to lie in one battered, uncomfortable haircloth chair in the library. When I returned, he would crawl into Mother's particular chair while she was sitting there, straighten his legs, and try to shove her out. What is more, Mother would not merely say nothing, but shift into some position so that Jack might be more comfortable.

He became more despotic as the years passed. He never showed much affection at any time, and in the latter days the best that could be said was that he treated us kindly. He was fed to repletion. His slim figure disappeared and his black sides took on the shining corpulence of a Bengali babu.

Finally, when he died at a ripe old age, he was mourned as if he were a member of the family and buried under a rosebush in the White House grounds.

Even then his dead paw was still felt by the family. Mother wished another dog as much like him as could be found—a " Jack dog." We got another Manchester terrier, a miserable, meaching creature, like Jack in nothing but color. When this one died we were in a quandary. Manchester terriers, at no time plentiful, seemed to have become extinct. Mother was undaunted. She went to the pound. There she selected from among the stray dogs the one which " looked the most like Jack."

It is over twenty years since Jack died, but today at Oyster Bay my mother still has a dog, bought because " he was a Jack dog." This last is as sorry a representative of the original Jack as Charles II of Spain was of his ancestor the Emperor Charles. He goes by the name of Shady. He has a porcine figure, thin legs, and a thin tail, which makes him look like a sausage stuck on matches.

These later-day " Jack dogs " have never held the place their forerunner held. It is understood that they are *eikon basilike*, but not the king.

Once my wife was driving my mother through the village. She turned a sharp corner. Shady, who had been sitting on mother's lap, catapulted out of the car.

Frantically my wife jammed on the brakes, saying,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

LOYALTY
SUCH AS FEW LEADERS KNOW

This message is not an advertisement in the usual sense of that term. It makes no attempt to sell a single Buick automobile. It is rather an acknowledgment to more than two million Buick owners, who have awarded Buick the finest tribute ever paid to any motor car.

Men rarely extend the gift of friendship to any but living things. But the word *friendship* is the only term that describes the tie existing between hundreds of thousands of men and women and the Buick car.

These men and women . . . and Buick . . . are old friends. They have worked and played together for years, and remained true to each other all the time. And together they have written the most wonderful chapter in all motor car history, and perhaps in the history of all manufactured products.

More than *eighty per cent* of this great family of owners *buy Buicks again and again*—the most impressive record of owner allegiance ever won by any motor car.

Some have purchased ten, fifteen, even twenty Buick cars—during the quarter-century that Buick has been building automobiles. Moreover, *these owners alone* purchase more Buicks, year after year, than the total production of any other individual car in the Buick field.

It is these old friends—and an ever-increasing number of new friends—that have enabled Buick to perpetuate its record of winning more than twice as many buyers as any other car priced above $1200.

Buick has given to the world its most favored quality automobile; but these men and women have given to Buick something even more precious.

They have given Buick loyalty such as few leaders know—and the inspiration to still greater achievement. Is it any wonder that the builders of Buick exert every effort to repay them with a finer and finer Buick—that friendship so pleasant may go on forever.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factory: McLaughlin-Buick, *Oshawa, Ontario*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

" Oh, Mother, I am so sorry! I hope Shady has not been hurt! "

" Never mind, my dear. Go right on. Fortunately I held the leash."

Hand over hand Mother hauled Shady in again as a fish on the end of a line is landed.

One of these Jack dogs was a chicken killer and caused Mother much embarrassment. Everything short of " lethal chambers and loaded guns " was tried to cure him. He was whipped, a dead fowl was tied about his neck—but all without avail. He still pursued his career of crime.

Father was President and in Washington. Mother was accustomed to take long walks through the wide, tree-shaded streets of the capital city, which was much like a country village in those days. Once she was walking on Maryland Avenue. It was just after lunch and Washington was steeped in that tranquil somnolence that proclaims it a southern city. The blinds of the houses were drawn. The sun-flecked shadows lay in pools in the dusty street.

There was not a sign of life save where a half dozen chickens were scratching by the wooden palings of a front yard. The Jack dog, who until this moment had been trotting along, a model of propriety, suddenly dashed at them. A flutter, a squawk, and one lay dead. Mother stood appalled. Out of nowhere appeared a darkey, shuffling loose-jointedly down the street, his oddly assorted clothes flapping, his string-tied shoes kicking up puffs of dust.

He stopped short, looked at Mother standing horror-struck, then at the dog, then at the chicken lying dead, then back again at all three. A broad smile spread over his face, his white teeth flashed; stepping forward, he pocketed the fowl, winked at Mother, and made off.

When my wife and I were first married and living in California, we got a dog. It was a Boston bull-terrier puppy. Our household consisted of one Chinaman. The dog and the Chinaman slept downstairs. One day the dog looked sick, and we asked the Chinaman about it. With great solemnity the Chinaman replied, " He throw off from the face." It has often since struck me what an apt description this is of many a political statement.

IN my house the most beloved of our dogs was Cæsar. He was a German police dog captured by my division in the Argonne, and given to us by General Frank Parker. The general said when presenting him, " Cæsar is a gentleman." He was right.

The dog was powerfully built; his back was coal black, shading to gray on stomach and legs. He never would have taken a prize at a dog show, but soon all of us loved him, particularly my wife.

The children were still small. Though by training Cæsar was a war dog, like many another dauntless warrior's, his heart was gentle, and he was putty in their hands. They adored him and took every type of liberty with him. The baby made his first wabbly attempts to walk holding on to Cæsar's tail.

We used to take him with us to dinners, to meetings, indeed everywhere. During the political campaign of 1920 I had to speak nationally and my wife filled my engagements in our district on Long Island. While she made her addresses Cæsar used to lie on the stage by her, much to the delight of the audience.

His end was almost too sad to tell. When we were in Washington someone, infinitely lower in the scale of life than he, poisoned him. The place he left vacant has never been filled.

One of the dogs we have now is a ridiculous little white Sealyham. My wife bought it for our daughter Gracie at a Long Island fair. Gracie called it Binkie.

My wife is clerk of the village of Cove Neck, a village of some fifty inhabitants. Among her duties is the issuance of dog licenses. She does this with the aid of our police force, who is named Forrest.

Some weeks after Binkie's purchase she was writing the license. She handed it to Forrest. He looked it over and said, " But, Mrs. Roosevelt, Binkie is not a he, he is a she." For nearly a month my wife, who prides herself on being a farmer, had been entertaining a lady dog unaware.

Gracie Roosevelt in 1921 with Cæsar, a German police dog, captured in the Argonne and presented to the family as " a gentleman."

ANOTHER dog we have at Oyster Bay today is an Airedale named Donald. He is a sturdy soul. When we got him several years ago he was a puppy. Sometimes when we were sitting at lunch we would hear the most terrific noise outside. It sounded as if a miniature tornado was raging in the hall. We would run to the door. There we would find Donald tearing around and around, his mouth open, his ears flapping, throwing furniture and rugs about as if they were chaff before an autumn wind. In the beginning we thought something was wrong with him. Later we discovered that, as Balocca put it, he was " just being happy."

Donald is far more sedate now, but he still can cause excitement, as the following letter from my wife shows:

" Sunday morning Quentin and I decided that as it was the most beautiful day that ever was we would not go to church but would take a walk through the woods instead. Accordingly we set out, followed by Donald. We went up the hill back of the house, wondered as usual whether the Leeds' dogs would rush out and devour us, picked a pair of apples from our favorite tree of Cousin Emlen's, and eventually drew near to Eel Creek.

" Here we heard shouts and cries and beheld your Mother, Archie, Gracie, and several assorted children running about in what appeared to be a prairie fire that was raging around the bath house. We hurried across the bridge and helped beat out the flames. Your Mother, rather hot, but completely undaunted, sat down by me. I asked her how it had happened.

" ' Why, we lit the fire,' she said, ' and as it was rather windy we sat down in the lee of the bathing house and started to talk. Then we realized the fire had spread. That's all.'

" At this moment Cousin Emlen, Jack, and Phil appeared. ' Were you trying to burn up the bathing house? ' Cousin Emlen's sense of humor was misplaced! Phil, taking in the situation at a glance, said hastily, ' Well, who has a better right than Cousin Edith! '

" Suddenly there was a noise like a tray of dishes falling downstairs. We all turned but could see nothing. Then Gracie [my brother Archie's wife] shrieked, ' Archie! Oh! come quickly! Eleanor's dog has upset all the lunch in the sand and now he is having a fit under the bath house and is foaming at the mouth! I know it is hydrophobia! Oh! Save my children! '

" Sure enough, there was my poor Donald apparently having the most thorough fit that ever was. The children were herded off to one side while everyone explained to Gracie that a perfectly well dog does not become violent from rabies all in one second. Phil said reassuringly that it was nothing to foam at the mouth, that some dogs foamed at the mouth every day. This I think merely served to convince her that we were all in a plot against her.

" After watching the poor dog for some time we decided I had better go home as fast as possible and send

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

INTERNATIONAL

EXPERIENCE SPEAKS

"By reducing our hauling costs to exceptionally low figures International Trucks have had an important bearing on our profits"

This unsolicited testimonial, based on the costs sheets of a great business, gives the facts about International Trucks and International Service in a nut shell. You couldn't ask for a better reason for using them in your business.

This endorsement comes from the Hathaway Bakeries, Inc., whose headquarters are in Boston. In New York and New England they operate 196 International Trucks, and experience speaks when they say:

> "We have found the International Harvester Company a splendid organization with which to do business, and further, that our great fleet of International Harvester Trucks, by reducing our hauling costs to exceptionally low figures, has effected economies which have an important bearing on the profits of our business."

We could tell you of the years of manufacturing experience that goes into every International—of the punishment given to experimental models on our testing grounds—of the improvements that are constantly being made in the line—but the proof of it all is in the profits these trucks are producing for their owners.

So go to an International Branch or dealer—there is one near you—select the International that meets your requirements—there is one for every hauling need. Try out the truck on your own job and you be the judge. There is no obligation.

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

[ALL IN THE FAMILY Continued from page twenty]

Balocca with the Ford for Donald, because, as Cousin Emlen remarked, 'He won't feel much like walking home after that!' So Quentin and I started and fairly ran through the woods. Every few minutes he would say, 'Mother, how soon can we rest? What makes fits? What does it feel like to have a fit? Do people have fits?'

"Finally, dripping and covered with burrs, we came to Balocca's cottage. I shouted for him. What was my surprise to be greeted by Donald, who rose from the floor of the porch and came to meet us, wagging his tail. What is more, he seemed completely well."

Horses of course we had in numbers before the automobiles and the hard-surface road came into existence. One of the earliest of these was Pony Grant who belonged to my sister Alice. He was an opinionated fat animal. We used to ride him two or three at once. His back was very broad. As a result, we could get no purchase with our short legs and slid off like the Knight in Through the Looking Glass.

Pony Grant was very gentle. Once when I was hugging his front legs I felt a tug at my straw hat. He was placidly eating it.

Our stable was oddly assorted. It contained everything from antiquated polo ponies to a piebald Shetland stallion with a bad temper. We used to turn out for rides like a troop of irregular cavalry. Father had a solid, confidential hunter with a coblike build and a mouth that made iron seem pliable. Mother had a mare. The rest of us used anything we could put a saddle on. Archie usually brought up the tail of the procession on a Shetland. Once when we rode en masse to Fort Myer to see a review, a colonel of cavalry came to meet us. His horse was so frightened by the thunderous approach of our polyglot cavalcade that it ran away—much to our delight.

When Father came back from the Spanish-American War he brought with him his "war horse," Little Texas. The animal was a cross-grained ugly broncho of a surly and uncertain temper.

The romance that cloaked it, however, excused much in our eyes. I rode it continually. Two of its tricks were particularly annoying. Without warning it would rear and go over backward. In addition, while apparently ambling uninterestedly down the road, it would bolt into the underbrush and scrape me off.

Gracie and Cornelius, children of the present Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, off for a gallop near Woodside Farm, their home at Oyster Bay.

The author in youth with his blue macaw, Eli Yale.

THERE was one big hunter I often used named Renown. Once when I came home for the holidays I asked the groom how he was. The groom shook his head sadly and said, "Mr. Ted, that horse ain't been rid for two weeks. He's been a-standin' in his stall just natcherly thinkin' up devilment."

The first horse I owned personally was given me by some cowboys. He was an iron gray and when fattened and groomed looked much like the wooden horses that used to stand outside the harness shops. We called him Gray Dawn. When my finances were very low I sold him to Mother. This was an excellent idea, for I got the additional money and still had the use of the horse. After I had gone to work he was sold to an attaché of the Italian embassy, who rechristened him Lorenzo Magnifico and rode him over the trails in Rock Creek Park for many years.

When I went to France with the First American Division I was a major and therefore entitled to a mount. The horses the troops had were sorry specimens, with the conformation of clothes racks and legs that looked like the legs of a Cochin-China chicken. I longed for a really good mount and telegraphed my wife, who was in Paris, asking her to buy me one. With the aid of General Frank McCoy she purchased a beautiful little mare, a thoroughbred, sired by a winner of the Grand Prix, with a head like a deer and slender, beautifully made legs. Her name was Tamara.

SO far, so good. It developed, however, when she arrived, that she had never seen a soldier and had never heard a gun fired. For the first few weeks that I had her I think I was in more danger out of the line than I was in it.

Once we had a review for Marshal Joffre. I was riding in the prescribed position at the head of my battalion. Just as we got opposite the reviewing stand the French band executed a flourish with its trumpets. This was too much for Tamara's already frayed nerves. She bolted, and I deserted my battalion and led a single-handed cavalry charge on the rear of the preceding unit.

Besides these major pets we had any number of minor ones. We had rabbits, but they never appealed to us. We were much fonder of guinea pigs. All of ours had names. A very valorous old warrior was Fighting Bob Evans; an albino of my brother's, for some unknown reason, Admiral Dewey; a rough-haired animal, Bishop Doane. Naturally each of these had his wife. Once Mrs. Doane gave birth to a single enormous male. He was at once christened The Prodigal Son, because of his clerical parentage, and because we had mixed in our minds the meanings of prodigal and prodigious.

About this time it was the fashion for little boys to wear sailor blouses gathered at the waist with an elastic. Their evident utility struck us at once. We used them as carryalls. Among other treasures, we kept guinea pigs there. We put them in through the V-shaped hole in the neck. They were quite happy and used to run around our waistbands while we went about our affairs.

Flying squirrels were among our highly prized pets also. Their soft gray fur and large round bright eyes appealed to us, though they rarely became very tame and generally bit us at every opportunity. Once a pair that belonged to me had young. They were fascinating little creatures and bid fair to grow into real friends. Unfortunately, a weasel found its way into my room and killed them all while I slept.

When Father was governor we kept our animals in the cellar under the parlor. Their number increased and

diversified through gifts until we had quite a sizable menagerie. There was a legion of guinea pigs, rabbits, squirrels, and a coon. During the winter, when every window was shut because of the cold, all went smoothly. Then spring came. The windows were opened. While receiving guests Mother noticed a strange and very strong odor in the parlor. At first she thought it was fertilizer on the lawns. Then it dawned on her that the smell of fertilizer could not be so strong and so all-pervading. We had opened the window in the room where our animals were to give them air. It was as if the parlor were in a zoo. We were told to cut down and move our establishment.

At times friends of my father sent him animals as a gift. Once King Menelik of Abyssinia sent him a zebra and a lion. Both were sent to the Zoölogical Gardens in Washington, over our protests. We had at various times at Oyster Bay an eagle, a mountain lion, a bear, and a badger.

The first two showed no signs of becoming pets, and were soon sent to the Bronx Zoo. The bear was a cub and was as alluring as little bears are. He was loose-jointed, with large feet, and his legs were so furry he looked as if he were wearing long trousers. We took him for walks on the end of a heavy chain. As he grew older and larger it became a question of "who took whom" for a walk, and we sadly sent him to join the mountain lion and eagle.

THE badger was different. We named him Jonathan Edwards after that much-heralded sire from whom we and many thousands have descended. He ran loose around the stable, got along excellently with the dogs, and was gentle with all of us. He had only one bad habit. He bit all strangers in the ankle. This eventually was his undoing, and he also went to the zoo. As long as he lived we paid him periodic visits and found him glad to see us.

Birds were rare among our pets. We loved them out of doors in the trees, but not in cages. In early youth I can recall a couple of imbecile canaries that twittered incessantly in their brass cages. I took so little interest in them I don't even recall what happened to them.

We had one in this generation, mainly to please the nurse who took care of my children.

The only two birds we ever cared for were parrots. Of these the more striking was a great blue macaw. He was called Eli, in honor of Yale University. He had an enormous meat-chopper beak and the usual beady black eyes. Sometimes when dinner was finished we let him wander over the table. The guests treated him with tremulous respect and drew back when he approached them, his head cocked on one side.

He was not always gentle. Once my sister Alice was holding him on

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

On the air!
Ben Bernie and his Mennen Men
Dance to their music every Thursday at 8:30, eastern daylight time, on the N. B. C. network stations—
WJZ, KDKA, WLW, WBZA, WBZ, WBAL, WHAM, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN

Here is Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, talking to Ben Bernie. Mr. Bernie and his orchestra are famous for their animated and witty radio performances, and their tingling dance music.

BEN BERNIE tells Jim Henry
"I keep my face in tune with MENTHOL-ICED shaves"

"JIM, I play before a 'high-hat' New York audience every night. And believe me, it's hard, hot work to lead a band through 17 jazz numbers! But—when I have started the evening with one of your *cool* Menthol-iced shaves I feel fit as my fiddle at the finale . . . The minute the lather goes on, I can feel my face cool down . . . and my spirits go up. Since I've started using Menthol-iced, there's close harmony between my face, my lather and my razor! . . ."

Mennen Menthol-iced
The Young Man's Shave!

COOLNESS—refreshing, invigorating, mountain-breeze *coolness* — that's what makes Mennen Menthol-iced unique—*absolutely different from any shave you've ever had!*

2 CREAMS—*Mennen is made with and without Menthol*

Mennen is the only shaving cream that comes in two forms. Take your choice: Menthol-iced — or Mennen without menthol, the good old quick-shave stand-by . . . Both creams give you *Dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard and toning the skin. Dermutized lather doesn't *care* if the water is hot or cold, hard or soft — it whips up thick and moist and fast. Use either cream—you'll get a smoother, snappier, happier shave!

Send for free trial tube.

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

P. S. Finish your shave with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men, the man's powder—that doesn't show. Protects the skin. Great after a bath, too! Jim Henry

Free 14 COOL shaves!

Let Jim Henry send you a trial tube of Mennen Menthol-iced—and Mennen Skin Balm. Just write your name and address in the margin below, tear it out and send it to Jim Henry, Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. L-3.

EAT YEAST IN THIS *Modern* FORM

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN FAGGED OUT AND CONSTIPATED

NOW pure yeast comes to you in a pleasant and convenient form. Handy little tablets you can swallow or, as most folks prefer, chew like candy.

Try the glassine envelope with 6 tablets for 5 cents or the 10-day bottle from your druggist for 50 cents. Eat these tablets for indigestion, constipation, skin disorders, run down conditions and note the gratifying results.

This yeast is used and recognized as the standard for vitamin studies by the leading universities of the nation and by the United States Government . . . a convincing guarantee of quality.

Write for free booklet to Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

On the Air

Every Wednesday 7:30 P. M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers," through N. B. C. Blue Network. Also Milwaukee, Duluth, Minneapolis. Tune in!

[ALL IN THE FAMILY
Continued from page twenty-three]

her wrist. Apparently all was going well and their relations were excellent. Deliberately he turned his head to one side and looked at her for a moment. Then methodically he leant down and bit a piece out of her finger.

Even ordinary pigs came in for a share in our affection, as is shown by the following letter that came to me from my father during the war when I was serving with the First Division in France:

Sagamore Hill,
Oct. 27, 1917.

I came back here Monday evening, and day before yesterday your three darling children arrived. I can't say how I have enjoyed them. Gracie is the most winning little thing I have ever known; she mothers the small boys; and is so sure that we all love her! The first evening I read her Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny, while Mother as an interlude read her Little Black Mingo—Gracie felt that to have us read alternately prevented monotony.

Ted's memory was much clearer about the pigs than about me; he greeted me affably, but then enquired of a delighted bystander—Mary, I think—" What is that man's name? " At supper, in pure friendliness and from a desire to encourage closer intimacy, he put the question to me direct, in a deep voice. Gracie explained that I was Grandfather (adding that she had two grandmothers, who were twins), and that Ted was Theodore Roosevelt 3d.

I endeavored to explain that I was the first of that name; but the effort was a failure.

Cornelius was not shy a bit; he was immensely excited by the toys he found, and called the little cars " trolley cars "; he promptly ran them up and down my arm. Then he told me they were " birthday presents " to him—they were not presents at all, as he simply seized them by force majeure; but your mother had received presents on her birthday, and he now astutely treats the possibility of a present as giving him a birthday.

This afternoon I took the three down to that haven of delight, the pigpen; I trundled Cornelius in his baby carriage while Gracie and Ted alternately carried and did battle over my long walking stick. We fed the pigs with elderly apples; then we came to a small rick of hay down which I had to slide each of them in turn until I finally rebelled; then halted so that each might get a drink of water; " and so homeward," as Mr. Pepys would have said.

THERE are many funerals of the animals that I remember. Some were unmixed tragedy. Others had their humorous side as well. Kermit, Ethel, and I had a sand box in which we used to play. At about the period when guinea pigs were most plentiful, for some reason we decided that the place to bury our dead guinea pigs was in this sand box. We had quite a little cemetery under way when Mother discovered it and for obvious hygienic reasons forbade it.

Of the many small funerals that stand out in my memory the clearest is that of the original Jack. As I have said, he was first buried behind the White House. When Father left the Presidency Mother did not want Jack to stay there, beneath the eyes of Presidents who might care nothing for little black dogs.

His coffin was dug up and he was brought to Oyster Bay. One summer afternoon we had the second interment. The hearse was a wheelbarrow. We boys, Mother, and Father were the pallbearers and mourners. Solemnly we walked across the lawn. Then the comedy of the double funeral struck Father. With difficulty he stifled his laughter, for fear of hurting Mother's feelings. Almost choking with the effort, he glanced at Mother, and saw that what he thought was grief smothered in a handkerchief was really laughter. She as well as he had been overcome by the comic side of six full-grown people conducting a second funeral for a dog with the aid of a wheelbarrow.

At Sagamore behind the house is a great granite boulder. Around it are clustered flowering bushes. Near it stands an arbor covered with rambler roses, which in spring is a blaze of brilliant colors. On the stone is cut the simple inscription, " Faithful Friends." Beneath it rest Jack, Little Texas (my father's horse in the Spanish-American War), Tamara (my horse in the last war), and many another true friend of the family.

Another " All in the Family " sketch by Colonel Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

In Next Week's Liberty

A surprise for the world of international sport, by

William T. Tilden 2d

Adventures on the trail of the diamond smugglers, by

Edward Doherty

The baseball forecast for 1929, by the veteran prophet,

Hugh Fullerton

and short stories by

Vingie E. Roe
Odgers T. Gurnee
Elliott White Springs

GRAPHIC SECTION

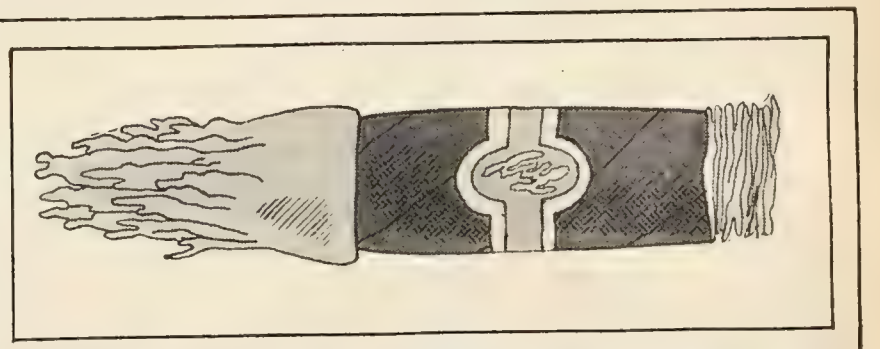
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID—in the old days when women were women and still clung to a little feminine charm and reserve—and today when they are loose and reckless and far too free.

THE GROVER WHALEN OF MEXICO CITY establishes safety zones in the principal thoroughfares through which it is forbidden to send machine-gun bullets during shopping hours.

THAT THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE takes the present prohibition crisis seriously is shown by a recent order assigning individual guardians for congressmen.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.) SOFT RUBBER CIGAR HOLDER—factory-chewed, for those who wish to eat their cigar and have it. *(Idea by Bill Telfer and Royce Zimmer, Big Rapids, Mich.)*

An Ear for Music

The Story of a Songful Stick-up

By

GERALD MYGATT

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

The three men were at it again. With their heads together they sang:

THE two men in the shade of the after-deck awning smoked abstractedly as the trim motor cruiser rolled them eastward over glassy swells. On their left the far Connecticut shore was a vague and uneven blue line. At their right the beaches and bluffs of Long Island gleamed brightly in the afternoon sun.

The leaner, smaller man tore piece after piece from the corner of the newspaper that lay upon the wicker table at his hand, rolling each piece into an infinitesimal ball and then flipping it overside. Periodically, his dark eyes narrowed and he frowned, at the same time slowly shaking his head. Each time he frowned a scar on his right cheek turned purplish red.

The other man, bigger and bulkier, lounged back in his deck chair, his eyes half closed. Now and again, as if beating time to an imaginary tune, he would strum upon the wicker table with the finger tips of his extended right hand. His plump, bland face was fixed in a contented smile. Beside him on the deck lay a guitar and a ukulele. The smaller man indicated the newspaper with a jerk of his thumb.

"Deal me out," he said bluntly. Then, "I'm not sitting in."

The man in flannels said quietly, "You're crazy, Dolly."

"I'm not crazy, either. This yegg Mason was no apprentice. His record shows that. Yet he was bumped off, just as that other bird was last year, without even getting his lamps on the stones."

The bulkier man said, "Neither of them even got into the house, as a matter of fact. Mason tried to use a scaling ladder and they potted him half way up. The other man, Red Cohen, got two hundred and twenty volts through him from a steel casement window. That's why the thing interests me, I guess. Ammerson claims the place is burglar proof. I claim it isn't."

The man called Dolly laughed acridly. "A lot of good your claim will do you, Joe, after you've got a slug from a forty-five through the back of your neck."

The heavier man joined in the laugh, but goodnaturedly. He said, "They don't use forty-fives, Dolly. The indoor man carries a thirty-eight automatic. The two outside men use army Springfields. You see, I've done considerable studying on this lay. That's one reason I chartered this boat. The Ammerson collection is the one single haul I know of that would put a man on Easy Street for life."

"Or inside a wooden kimono with a lily in your hand," the other grunted.

Without opening his eyes the larger man reached for the guitar at his side, lifted it carelessly to his lap, and began doing miracles with chords. He fell into a rhythmic consonance, syncopating it softly, and, as he continued the music, his head cocked itself sidewise, his smile widened to fatuousness, and he seemed to be listening intently.

Minutes passed while the cruiser drove forward smoothly over the languid swells. Then, abruptly, the big man sat up. His eyes were open and alert.

He said quickly, "We're coming in sight of the place now. Don't show too much interest or the skipper up forward there might do some thinking later. That's right, just shift your chair a little. Look—you can see the house coming into sight now around those trees. Look—do you mean to tell me you couldn't land a plane on that flat lawn and taxi it right up to the windows?"

The smaller man said sharply, "I can make a landing

" We're poor little lambs that have lost our way—"

anywhere I want to. Only with a thirty-thirty bullet waiting for me I won't want to, never."

The big man leaned forward. He said earnestly, "Listen, Dolly. I don't care who it is or what the orders are, a man might shoot at a guy climbing a wall in the dark, but he'd never shoot at a plane coming down out of the air. Disabled, maybe. How does anybody know who's in a plane? Might even be Lindbergh. No, sir, you take it from me, a plane's safe. I tell you I've been planning this a long time, ever since I got stopped on the White Star pier with the Boroffsky ruby tied in the knot of my necktie. Believe me, when the customs boys get bright enough to look in perfectly obvious places it's time to change your game and go into something else."

"MY game suits me," muttered the other.

"Yeah, it must be swell. Pick the stuff up about two hundred miles the other side of the border and hop across. A piker's profits on every trip, and about as much excitement as a ride on the Sixth Avenue elevated. I tell you this thing is big. Maybe as much as a million apiece—maybe twice as much as that if some of the stories are true. No gun work, no danger. Just walk out with the stones."

They were running parallel to a sandy shore, perhaps a half-mile out. Before them, the smooth green lawn of a great estate sloped down to the water's edge. In what appeared to be the very center of the lawn, and perhaps a quarter-mile back from the beach, a rectangular mansion of white marble reared itself; two stories of white marble and a high roof of red tiles.

THERE were no trees and no other buildings near the house; merely an expanse of flat green lawn etched with the curve of a wide blue-stoned driveway. At the two visible corners of the house, a formal planting of dark conical cedars gave relief to the gleaming white of the marble walls, but the lower branches of these cedars had been cut away so that a man could walk and see under them.

"Under the eaves of that roof," said the man in white flannels conversationally, "there are flood lights. He has his own electric plant, so you can't cut off his juice. The steel windows, as you know, are insulated and wired for two hundred and twenty volts, alternating current. That holds you if you so much as touch 'em, provided it doesn't kill you before they turn it off. I understand the county authorities tried to make him stop the electric business, but Ammerson took it to court and won. The claim was that somebody might get there accidentally. He claimed nobody could. You see, he's been in the papers a lot. I've got it all."

"What is he, crazy?"

"No—that is, no more than anybody else. You've read about him, Dolly."

"Yeah, some, I guess. Made his jack in Oklahoma oil."

"That's right. He's about forty-five. Seems five years ago he married a girl from Oklahoma, a slim little thing; must have been very beautiful. I've seen her pictures; you must have seen 'em, too. Anyway, he was forty then and she was nineteen. Must have been desperately in love with her. Built her this house and all, and then there was going to be a baby, only something went wrong and before the baby came she died. Broke him all up. Smashed him, practically. Well, he has this altar to her memory—and that's that."

"Has anybody ever seen it?"

"Sure. He's proud of it in a sort of pathetic way. This altar thing is what used to be his wife's dressing table; you know, one of those three-mirror affairs. He won't let anybody change anything in the room. And the room stays open always, just down the hall to the right from the head of the main stairway. There's that open room and the dressing table right opposite the door, and on the dressing table, piled up in heaps, are all the jewels he ever bought her—and he's kept on buying 'em to her memory ever since."

The man called Dolly spat over the side. "You're telling yourself bedtime stories," he remarked.

"Am I? Maybe you know best, Dolly, but it happens I haven't been working on this two years for nothing. When he married her he bought her the Amboy emeralds. They're there—twenty-eight of them, perfectly matched. The Garth diamond and the four Holland diamonds are there, too. The Keith Magnificent is there. The Queen

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

10,000 Miles in 4

60 Silver Fleet Tires Still Look Like New

WATCH the miles pile up! The miles of mud, of sand, of gravel . . . of burning alkali and deep-biting rocks . . . Miles to try the sturdiness of tires as tires have never been tried before . . .

Miles from which the 60 sturdy tires of the Silver Fleet have emerged bearing hardly a mark of punishment!

The Fleet has put behind the rain and mud of Gulf State back roads, toured the length and breadth of Texas, dipped into Mexico, headed westward across New Mexico and Arizona en route to the Pacific Coast.

Now it pauses to take stock . . .

What has the trip shown to guide motorists . . . to guide you . . . in buying tires?

First of all . . . in 10,000 miles not a single tire failure . . . not a solitary major difficulty . . . among five dozen tires!

Secondly . . . treads still unbelievably sharp . . . wear so slight that it would indicate but half the distance . . .

And side walls so amazingly new looking that watchers can hardly believe speedometer figures.

Now remember what the Fleet is . . .

Stock tires, straight from warehouse stores. Stock cars, identical to those you and your friends drive . . .

Your car is represented . . . perhaps not in make, but certainly in price-class, in type, in size, in weight . . . and in tire requirements.

So the record of the Silvertowns on the Silver Fleet is a true picture of Silvertown performance on your car. A demonstration of what you buy when you insist on Silvertowns.

HERE COMES THE FLEET! Here they are, four cars of the Silver Fleet snapped as they rounded a hill-road bend. You won't find this road on any of the major transcontinental routes . . . yet it is a marvelous highway compared with some the Fleet has covered on its grind.

* * *

TESTING RESILIENCY. (Left) Here's a close-up of a durometer test, by which the resiliency is measured. That's where Silvertowns get their fame for superlative comfort and riding ease . . . from the cushioning effect of their sturdy but resilient treads and side walls.

"CAMBER OK!" Here are two pilots, checking up on the camber of wheels. Front wheels, you know, slope in slightly . . . and too large or too small an angle may cause unnecessary tire wear.

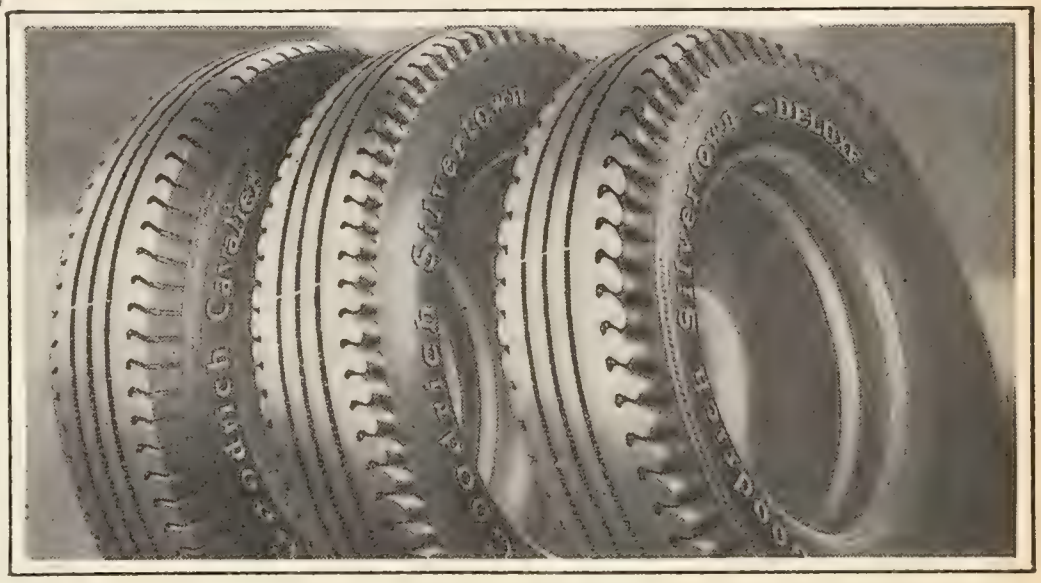
DRAMATIC MONTHS!

in Spite of Grind on Nation-Wide Tour

JUST A DUSTY road under a hot Texas sun . . . but there is plenty of punishment for tires in those needle-like particles of sun-heated alkali dust.

NO, NOT IN THE DITCH! Snapped when the Fleet was traveling a tortuous Ozark road, so badly cut up cars seemed to be in the ditch.

BELOW, THREE GOODRICH TIRES. Silvertown De Luxe, for superlative style and service. The famous Silvertown—the standard quality tire of the nation. Goodrich Cavalier, a new, low-priced, high-quality tire for hard drivers. Your dealer has them all! See them . . . now!



From any Goodrich dealer, you can buy tires exactly like those on the Fleet . . . Tires made of the same materials . . . by the same men . . . in the same molds . . .

It is worth your while to see these tires in the store of your Goodrich dealer. Worth while to get from him the detailed story of the Fleet . . . and why its tires are standing up so remarkably well.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario.

Goodrich Silvertowns

[AN EAR FOR MUSIC
Continued from page twenty-seven]

Frederika pearls and the twelve hundred Duchess Corning pearls and the Weehla-Java pearls are there. The Lewis-Lewis Giant, which is a sapphire you could cut into six good sapphires, is lying on top of that table. I haven't been able to substantiate the report that only this last spring he bought the Hapsburg diadem circlet intact—though Groot in Munich swears it's true—but I do know that before his wife died he gave her the Kubla prayer box."

"I'm getting interested," the smaller man commented dryly. "You're talking language I never heard of, though. What's the Kubla prayer box?"

"Jade box about the length of two ordinary cigar boxes set end to end, with a partition of jade between. Silver cover—ancient Tibetan work. The box contains, or should, three hundred and thirty-three clear topaz octahedrons. That's on the altar there too. Then I've heard on the authority of Georges d'Allice—"

"I'll take your word for it," the man called Dolly conceded, and laughed. "Yes, Joe, I'm getting interested. What's that thing up the beach that looks like a tower?"

"Watch tower. Just what it looks like. The lighthouse affair on top shelters a searchlight. I don't know just what the operating system is, but I know it commands the beach. The beach is the only approach that isn't double-fenced and wired. That's on account of the law.'"

The smaller man grimaced. "I'm getting less interested again," he said. Then: "By the way, how did Mason and Red Cohen get in?"

"They don't know how Red Cohen got in. He was an old hand at the game and he beat them somewhere. Only he didn't know about the juice in the steel windows. Mason got over the inner fence with an insulated scaling ladder and three rubber sheets. You see, the charged windows had been given publicity by then and Mason thought he was wise. But they plugged him just the same. Caught him against the wall like a fly."

"This guy Ammerson sounds a lot more hard-boiled than you make him out, Joe."

The man in white flannels considered this.

"Well, that way he is," he admitted presently. "The only point you've got to understand, Dolly, is that in Ammerson's mind the thing is really a game. He's made it a game. He's written the rules."

THE smaller man laughed harshly.

He said, "Ammerson's rules seem to be that nobody can get inside his house."

The bulkier man shook his head.

"Ammerson's rules," he corrected, "are that nobody gets into his house that he personally doesn't invite."

Said the other, "There used to be a guy named Sweeney you could tell things to. My name ain't Sweeney, Joe. It's Gray, and I've never used an alias yet. I'm just mentioning this because you're going to tell me that you and me are going to land in a plane and tear up this bird Ammerson's lawn and then be invited in to walk away with the stuff."

"That's right," said the man called Joe. "Only it's going to be you and me and two others."

"Two others? Say—wait now! What's the cut?"

"You and I divide fifty-fifty. We pay the two others twenty-five grand apiece. For twenty-five thousand dollars we can get our pick. Twenty-five will fix 'em and keep 'em quiet, and anyway they'll be accessories."

The motorboat lifted its way gently over swell after swell. Abruptly the smaller man put forward his hand and said, "I'm on. I'm banking on you, Joe."

They shook solemnly. Then with a wide smile, "You're not banking on me, Dolly. Get that out of your head. All you're banking on is one of the best barber-shop tenors that ever harmonized a chord."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning my voice. I happen to know it's true."

The smaller man dropped his hands to his sides and said resignedly, "Oh, boloney!" He spat over the side again. "Have you got an idea you're going to sing your way into this guy's house?" he demanded.

"Absolutely. You land the plane; that's your job. There'll be three others of us with you. Me, I'm the tenor. I'll find us a lead and a barytone that'll knock your eye out."

"Uh-huh!" the other remarked with cynicism.

The man in white flannels caught his hand.

"You boob," he whispered; "this man Ammerson is one of the greatest basses alive."

"What league—Americans or Nationals?"

"He's a bass—*b-a-s-s* not *b-a-s-e*. It's pronounced base. My heavens, haven't you ever heard of singing bass? I suppose every time you've seen it spelled you thought it was a fish?"

"I think I'm a fish to go into this."

The man in flannels rose to his feet sharply. He leaned over the other, gestured with both hands.

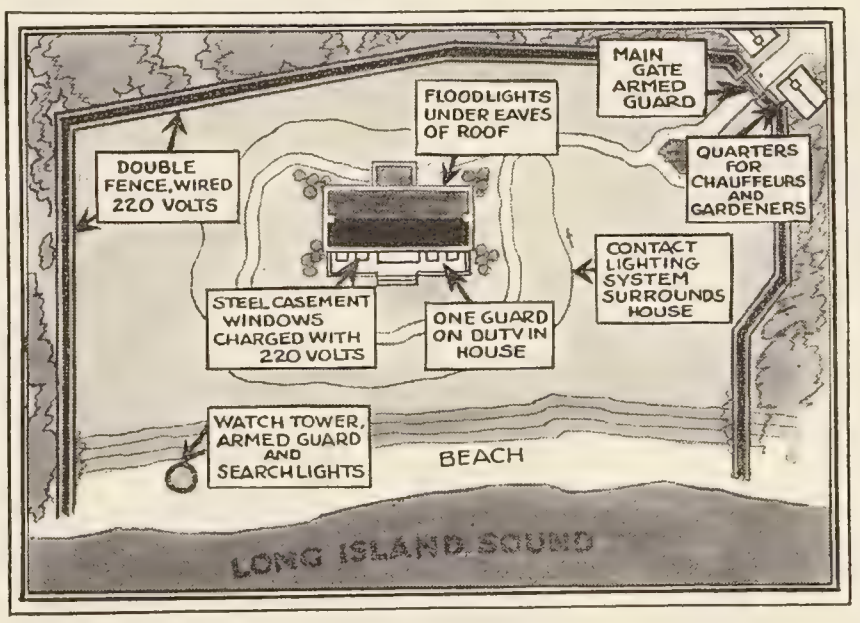
"LISTEN, Dolly—I tell you Ammerson sang bass on the double quartet from Tulsa that won the Steinback trophy seven years ago. He was even in the papers then. The other bass got the flu and Ammerson carried for both. Splendid voice! Wonderful volume! He's a born bass. I tell you it's a sure thing."

"Listen," rasped the other. "What's a sure thing? What do you want me for, then?"

"I told you a minute ago. Because I know you, and because you can drive a plane."

"You'll talk my language or you can go to hell," said the man called Dolly Gray with bluntness. "By the way, what's that spot against the side wall of the house? It's out of the sun and it's a little hard for me to see. Looks like something moving."

From beside the guitar on the deck his host produced a pair of binoculars. He studied the white marble building for a moment. Then with a grim smile he passed the glass. "Take a squint yourself," he suggested.



The smaller man peered through the glasses.

"It's a workman patching the wall," he said at length. "He's working with a trowel and plaster or something. That's a funny idea, plastering a wall way up like that."

"A steel-jacketed rifle bullet will make quite a dent even in marble, Dolly."

"What do you mean? Say—do you mean that's where they nailed Mason on his ladder?"

The man in flannels nodded. "That's why I don't intend to take any chances with bullets," he commented. "That's why I've spent two years figuring out how to beat 'em with talent and brains."

. . . . .

Tilford Ammerson, tall and square and a little gaunt, stood motionless in the open window of his great bedroom and stared fixedly at nothing. The hum and buzz and chirrup of night insects was loud in his ears, but he heard no sound. The gray receding horizons of the luminous, level sea before his eyes were invisible to him as he stood there. He was looking beyond horizons.

He gritted his teeth. Aloud he said, "Damn it, I suppose the doctors are right. I'm getting morbid, and the next step's insanity. Ella'd be ashamed of me." He fell silent. Then, with a sudden relaxing of his features,

" Perhaps I could give the room intact to the Metropolitan Museum." Another silence, and then, again, " By golly, I'll do it! " He slapped his thigh.

He turned from the window with an eager smile. His accustomed fingers found a light switch and flipped it on, revealing him dressed in purple silk pajamas and a pair of old felt slippers, badly worn at the toes. He strode across the great room, leaving the window open, and flung open a door, through which he stepped briskly into an adjoining room. But here, out of habit or something else, he paused.

A single electric light, its near side masked with a shade of old-rose taffeta, was burning above a triple-mirrored dressing table finished in smooth gilt or gold leaf. At the top of the center mirror a Maltese cross about a foot square beamed. A stranger might have hazarded the guess that its face was incrusted with prisms of crystal, but Ammerson knew that each tiny reflector was a perfect blue-white diamond of not less than a carat's weight.

Between his teeth Ammerson said, " They'll have to take it on my terms. They can't afford not to." His eyes were coming alight. He said, " The room will be a permanent memorial. Now why didn't I ever think of that before? "

He looked now at the dressing table itself. There beneath the center mirror was a long slim box of jade, its filigreed silver top demurely closed. Only Tilford Ammerson knew that beneath that silver lid were four things more precious than the 332 topazes and the one imitation topaz that had come with it. The four items—and they would remain in that right-hand compartment through eternity or the Metropolitan could go whistle—were a broken lipstick, a powder compact, a rabbit's foot, and an eyebrow pencil.

With satisfaction he observed the neat piling of gems about this box: the coils of pearls, the two heaps of diamonds, one heap topped with the Garth and the other with the Keith Magnificent. The Lewis-Lewis sapphire, he knew, was in the right-hand drawer, along with some hairnets, where Ella had put it one night. Well, it would stay in that drawer, Metropolitan or no Metropolitan; and its staying there would be part of the contract.

Tilford Ammerson stretched himself to his full height and took a deep breath.

" WHAT a damn fool I've been! " he muttered. " Leaving these things here for anybody to get." Now his eyes narrowed. " Believe me," he informed himself, " the next explorer that comes, there'll be no even break. Why, this means a new life for me! Yes, sir, if anybody comes now, may God have mercy on his soul! "

He stepped to the open hall doorway and touched a button. In the hall a dim red light showed. Over his head a blue one flashed once. Twenty seconds later a man stood at attention in the doorway; a heavy man wearing a gray uniform and a cartridge belt from which a short holster dangled.

" What time is it? " Ammerson asked.

" Two-thirty-seven, sir."

" I'm just walking around," said Ammerson.

" Better get some sleep, sir."

" Sleep, hell! " said Ammerson.

" How about one of them pills, sir? You can count on me, and Bailiff and Lewis are clockin' regular."

Ammerson laughed nervously. He said, " Sergeant Hogan, I almost wish somebody would show up tonight. I've just made a decision. You know, I could shoot a man dead tonight as easily as I could squash a mosquito."

" Better leave that to us, Mr. Ammerson." Sergeant Hogan smiled significantly. " Anyway, sir, nobody would try it on a moonlight night."

" That's the hell of it," remarked his employer. He hesitated a moment, then said quickly, " Sergeant, I told you I've made a decision. Well, that's a fact. It's made me very happy. It's lifted a load from my mind. So, tonight, I'm going to break a rule. Go wake Henry. Tell him to come as he is, nightshirt or whatever. I want him to make two of the most perfectly chilled mint juleps he ever put together in his life. I want them served in my room inside of fifteen minutes."

" That's three of you," said the smallish man and spat upon the rug.

" I didn't know you had a guest, sir."

" I haven't, sergeant. If you'll throw your mind back to a certain night in the Argonne, you'll recollect that you and I once drank together as men—and we're going to repeat it now. It's a night. Anyway, it's a night for me. I tell you, sergeant, I've crossed the Great Divide. No, I'm not crazy. Do what I tell you."

THE man wheeled and disappeared. Tilford Ammerson walked back to his own room and sank into a chair by the open window. He said, half aloud, " A man can't run everything himself. You've got to leave it to God—or somebody—whoever God is. The world's the world. I'm a man and I'm going to carry on."

Presently two figures entered the room. The one in an old-fashioned nightgown bore a tray.

" Henry," said Ammerson with a smile, " I hope you made one for yourself."

" No, sir," said the elderly man in the nightgown.

" Henry, I think you're lying to me. Go get it and bring it here and join us. We're all going to have a drink together."

" Can I put on my pants, sir? "

" No. I haven't got mine on, have I? "

" They look more like pants, sir."

" Well, Henry, as we used to say in the army, you're out of luck. Set the tray down and hurry back."

" Yes, sir," said Henry.

It was while the old butler was away that the drone of the plane was heard overhead. Hogan was the first to notice it.

They listened, both suddenly taut. The droning rose and fell.

It grew louder, faded, cut off, came loud again. Suddenly the two were at the window.

" It's circling," said Hogan excitedly. " By golly, the motor's off. Look—see—they're circlin'. I wouldn't be surprised if they were really lookin' for a landing."

Ammerson jumped from the window and touched a button on the wall. A hundred yards away from them a green light leaped into existence. Said Ammerson coolly, " If somebody's really in trouble I don't want to welcome him with a steel-nosed bullet. Anyway, Bailiff's comparatively new."

Hogan said, " At that, it may be a new gag."

" If it's a new gag," remarked Tilford Ammerson, with a light in his eye, " if it's a new gag I wouldn't be in that bird's shoes for all the mint juleps on earth." He lifted his glass, tilted it till the sprays of mint hid his features. Then he set it down with a laugh.

Unquestionably the plane was seeking a landing. With

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[AN EAR FOR MUSIC
Continued from page thirty-one]

its motor droning intermittently it swung out over the gray waters of the Sound, then swung back again. Now it dipped, swept out over the beach, and circled back once more. A second later the landing gear had touched the lawn. The plane bounced, once, twice, and again, and then came to a slow wabbling halt almost directly beneath Ammerson's window.

A flood of yellow light welcomed it.

"That Harkman contact system is perfect," commented Ammerson.

From the plane a voice called out, "What place is this? Where are we?"

Ammerson shouted back from the window, "Suppose you stay right where you are for a minute. Whatever place this is, it isn't healthy."

The voice said, "Sorry to tear up your lawn, old chap. Only flat place we could find. All scrub oak and fences back there. Something wrong with our gas line."

A gray-uniformed man carrying a rifle in his two hands strode up to the plane. "What's the big idea?"

A man climbed out of the plane, a rather smallish man with bushy eyebrows and a trim mustache who wore the uniform and gold-piped overseas cap of the United States army air force. He faced his gray-uniformed inquisitor with a comic lifting of his two arms over his head.

"Kamerad!" he said and smiled. "What is this—a German castle?"

From within the shadow of the plane a low musical hum made itself heard. Then abruptly a song was being sung, muted yet insistent:

"In mah castle on the River Nile
I'se bound to live in elegant style,
With inlaid diamonds on the floor
And a baboon butler at the door;
And with mah lady—"

Tilford Ammerson said sharply, "My God, it's a quartet! They're good. No, it's not a quartet. They're shy a bass." Standing in the window he stared. He had been breathing slowly; now he began to breathe fast.

The voices in the plane finished their song. Then there came a burst of laughter, followed immediately by the harmonious statement:

"How dry I am!
How dry I am!
Nobody knows
How dry I am."

Then somebody said, "Sh-h-h!" whereupon the three voices began intoning:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

"The dickens I won't!" proclaimed a voice. "I'll ask for water if they've got it. Gosh, how I need water!"

AMMERSON turned from the window. "I'm going out," he announced. "You better come along, sergeant. By the way, where's Henry?"

"Gone, sir. The minute they started to sing that way he went. You know, sir, he feels more comfortable in livery."

The master of the house smiled vaguely.

He said, "Sergeant, there are three men in that plane singing and there's the army officer standing outside. That makes four and I make five. Tell Henry to produce five more juleps and ice 'em to the limit. Want a layout in the dining room, too. Caviar, cheese—tell him to use his judgment, as he used to in the old days. I told you a while ago this was going to be a night, sergeant. Well, I'm right."

"But suppose they're wrong, sir?"

"Crooks, you mean?" He hesitated, scowling. Then, abruptly, he laughed. He caught the other's arm. "Just look at them, sergeant. They're climbing out now."

Three men clambered stiffly out of the cockpit of the plane. The first, a big stoutish man, was dressed as an Arabian sheik. His brick-red burnoose was dangling over his arm, trailing negligently upon the grass. His face was obviously made up; a comic beard, a comic mustache. His turban, very much awry, was tilted on the back of his head. His teeth showed in a wide smile.

"I'll bet he's the tenor," said Ammerson eagerly.

The second man was thinner, but as tall. He was dressed as a Cossack in a long coat of canary yellow faced with puffs of cotton to imitate ermine. His high black cap of imitation baby lamb slanted crazily. The third man, short and stout, wore the noncommittal costume of a pierrot. The face of the Cossack was embellished with a long drooping mustache. The face of the pierrot was painted red and white.

On the ground the three men clustered together and again broke into song:

"Just break the news to mother,
She knows how dear I love her,
And tell her not to wait for me,
For I'm not coming home."

Tilford Ammerson put his mouth close to the window screen. "Wait a minute," he called. "Can't you use a bass?"

The song stopped. The three peered up at the window. The heavy man in sheik's costume cupped his hands. "If you've got a bass in there trot him out," he replied with a deep bow.

"He's trotting," shouted Ammerson and seized his brocaded purple dressing gown.

. . . . .

THE big man who sang tenor spoke softly from the side of his mouth:

"Remember, Dolly, your job's with the plane. We may need it quick. If we get invited in, which is what I'm banking on, you stick here. Give us a full half-hour. If we're not out by then you can come in with the line that you've got to telephone to Mitchel Field because you're due back there at reveille. That'll get you in, and the rest is as it shapes up. We may have to put a couple of 'em to sleep, but remember—no gun work unless we're squeezed, see?"

"I never had to use a gun yet," grunted the little man who was dressed as an army flier.

"That's all right. Now, here's the lay again—quick. This bird here is one of the outside men. The other outside man has a motorcycle, but his job is down at the main gate. The garage and quarters for the two chauffeurs and the gardeners is outside the main gate, and at night he's there to check 'em in and out. He won't come unless he's sent for, see? His job's there and he stays there. I got the dope from a gardener they fired. You can't see the gate from here, but it's over that little rise of ground. Got that?"

"Sure."

"All right. Now, your job's to take care of this guy here. Put him out. I leave it to you. I'll take care of the inside man. The only others in the house are an old butler and a couple of maids that sleep on the third floor. Got that? All right. Now listen. If we don't blow out in half an hour, you blow in. Pull your phone gag and get upstairs to the stuff. You handle the stones, see? If that inside guy is still around, we'll have to begin the shooting then, but let's leave that till the last—see?"

"I'll handle the stones all right," said Dolly Gray, unsmiling. "By the way, Joe, are you dead sure that scar doesn't show on my cheek?"

"Absolutely. Those eyebrows make you a different person, too. Not a chance of identification with any of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

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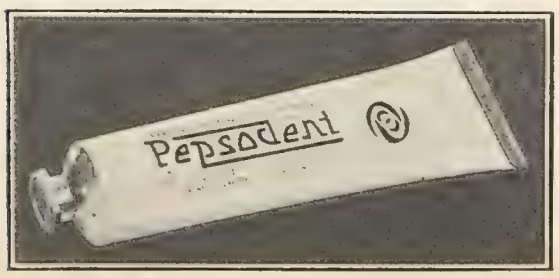

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

us. Steady, Dolly—here he comes now. Look, that's the inside man behind him."

Tilford Ammerson was marching toward them across the lighted lawn, his hands held forward hospitably. A little behind him came another man in gray uniform, who loitered uncertainly. As he approached his guests Ammerson smiled.

"I'm sorry you broke down," he said, "but I'm glad you broke down here. I haven't heard voices like yours in years. It's a genuine pleasure. No, no—the lawn's nothing. Don't think of it again, please."

Now the smallish man in army uniform was at his elbow.

"My name's Canavan," he confided. "Sorry, awfully. Trouble with the gas line. I think I can clear it, though." Now he leaned closer and whispered confidentially: "These gentlemen are a little tight. I'd have been, too, I suppose, but I couldn't. Big masquerade party across the Sound at Stamford."

Ammerson started to say something, but suddenly he laughed. The three men in costume were at it again. With their heads close together they sang plaintively:

"We're poor little lambs that have lost our way—
Baa—baa—baa!
We're poor black sheep who have gone astray—
Baa—baa—baa!"

"Hey, let me in on that," exclaimed Ammerson. He wheeled over to the three, flung his arms about their shoulders. "Now let's start over again," he said contentedly. "How about pitching it a half-tone lower? You, barytone, take your triple sequence on the second 'baa.' I'll carry the bass. All right—let her go."

They sang the song to the end, holding the last long note with tenderness. Then pandemonium broke out. The three newcomers in costume were whooping and dancing up and down.

"Some bass!" they proclaimed. "Some sweet-cooky bass! Say, bass, you're there!" They slapped one another boisterously. They caught Ammerson's hands and danced him with them in a circle.

The little man with bushy eyebrows who wore an army lieutenant's uniform spoke impatiently: "Get out of my light, you guys. How do you think I can do a trick job on a gas line with you birds barging around and blocking things up?"

IMMEDIATELY Ammerson became the host. He asked solicitously about the gas line and was informed the job would take a half-hour, maybe more. If it couldn't be repaired in that time, the lieutenant would have to impose upon him for a telephone call to Mitchel Field, but that would be only a last resort, because this was an unauthorized flight and he would be disciplined for taking the plane.

"But this isn't an army plane, is it?" queried Ammerson.

"Gosh, no. It's private. Belongs to a reserve major. That's the worst of it. Damn old tub!" What the lieutenant did not explain was that the plane had been stolen earlier in the evening from an unguarded street carnival lot near Plainfield, New Jersey. "If you can just take care of this gang so I can get in under there and find the trouble," said the lieutenant. "No, thanks, I don't need any help. It's a one-man job."

Ammerson smiled feebly at the others.

"It seems we're not popular out here," he informed them cordially. "What say we go indoors? Lieutenant, I'll leave the front door unlatched for you. Bailiff, you stay with the plane in case the lieutenant wants any help. Sergeant Hogan, you might resume your duty indoors as usual."

Presently, from within the great dining hall, the sounds of harmony began to find their way through the house.

Upon the lawn a smallish man in the uniform of an aviation lieutenant tinkered meaninglessly with the gas line of an old-fashioned plane. There was no need to tinker with the line because it was in perfect shape, but the eye of a gray-uniformed guard was upon him so he went through the requisite motions. The smallish man took out his watch. "I'll give 'em five minutes more," he said to himself. He shook his head impatiently. "Damn these fake eyebrows," he thought. "I didn't know they were going to itch. The mustache itches too."

AFTER a little he looked at his watch again.

"I can't find the obstruction," he informed the gray guard crisply.

"What's wrong?" said the guard, and came forward.

"It's in there," the little man told him. "Look—see?"

The guard bent over to peer. As he did so the little man drew a flexible black thing from his hip pocket and struck the guard smartly upon the back of his head. The guard rolled over sidewise. The little man knelt upon the lawn and did business with a handkerchief and a length of miraculously produced cord. The result he kicked under the plane.

"That's one of you out of the way," he snarled, and spat sidewise.

He strolled leisurely around the corner of the house and found the front door. The doorway gave upon a lofty hall, hung with tapestries, from the rear of which a straight broad stairway rose to the second floor. The little man paused a moment. Then he stepped to the door of the dining room and seemed to glance in casually. Ammerson and the three men in costume were harmoniously and touchingly condoling one another about the death of the late Old Black Joe.

The little man pondered momentarily. Then he touched his mustache and eyebrows and walked into the dining room. "I'm sorry to interrupt you gentlemen," he said blandly, "but that gas line's got the best of me. I'm afraid I'll have to call Mitchel Field. If I could impose upon you for the use of your telephone, Mr. Emerson—"

"Ammerson," said the host. "Sounds almost the same, but isn't. As a matter of fact, I'll be glad to send you gentlemen anywhere you want in one of my cars."

"I'll have to telephone, anyway," the other insisted. "You see, I'm due back there at reveille, and anyway I've got this major's plane. I could fix it in daylight, but in the meantime I've got to check in."

Tilford Ammerson walked to the doorway and touched a button. A dim red light showed in the hallway. He waited, looking upward, until a blue light flashed once. Presently a gray-clad figure stood in the entrance.

"Sergeant Hogan," said Ammerson, "will you please show the lieutenant where the telephone is? By the way, lieutenant, how about a little drink first, or a sandwich?"

"Business first," countered the other, smiling widely. "After I've phoned I'll be back and take you at your word."

The sergeant ushered the little man out into the hallway and into a rear room. The sergeant said, "There's the phone," and stood waiting.

"My hands are all smeared up with grease," remarked the lieutenant, displaying them. "Would you mind looking up the number for me?"

The big man in gray uniform bent to the telephone book and the little man smiled. He reached into his right-hand hip pocket and produced a flexible black object that fell with a snap.

"That's two of you," murmured the little man and

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

again did business with a gag and a length of cord. He carried the result to a closet, stuffed it in, and shut the door. Then he wiped his hands meticulously, slipped out into the hallway, and noiselessly walked up the stairs to the floor above. A split-second later he was standing in an open doorway, standing and staring with his mouth wide open.

"Good Lord!" he breathed. "Say, Joe said all I'd need was enough pockets. He's right."

He moved with expedition. It was too easy, because he could listen and also watch the door in the center mirror of the dressing table. He could watch the door and work at the same time. He had his pockets jammed full and was thrusting the foot-square Maltese cross of diamonds under his shirt and uniform coat when he heard soft footsteps in the hall.

He jumped cat-fashion, flattened himself against a side wall, and with his fingers found a door handle. This he turned soundlessly. He slid through the doorway and found himself in another room—a bedroom—obviously a man's, with a single shaded lamp burning upon a flat-topped desk. He closed the door back of him softly, stood poised.

Then, into the room a figure stepped, peering toward the light. It was an old man in servant's livery. Without looking around the figure tiptoed straight to a table next the window, seized a tall golden glass, lifted it, took a single furtive swallow, and clutched the glass tightly in his fingers. It was then that the smallish man in lieutenant's uniform once more drew out his blackjack and with a grim smile raised it and brought it down.

"That's three of you," said the smallish man and spat upon the rug. He shook himself, looked down at his uniform, smoothed out a sharp bulge in his right coat pocket. Then he smiled broadly. "If Joe's right," he thought, "I've got 'em all. Nobody left but the boss himself, and there's four of us. Say, Joe's a wonder, all right. All we've got to do is walk out with the stuff, just the way he said."

HE tiptoed down the stairs, but at the bottom he began to whistle.

"I fixed it all up," he announced as he walked into the dining room. He grinned at the four men who were munching sandwiches.

"Everything's all right, Joe," he said from the side of his mouth. Then he stepped up to Ammerson, whipped a pistol from his pocket, and jammed the muzzle squarely into his host's face.

"Stick 'em up," he snarled.

Ammerson stared blankly.

"Stick 'em up," repeated the little man. "We don't want to hurt you. For your own information I've got your three men tied up and put away—your outside man, your inside man, and the little old bird in monkey clothes that was looking for his drink. There's four of us to one of you, and we've all got guns. That's right, sock him, Joe."

It was then that the plump man in sheik's costume brought forth a flexible black instrument and whipped it smartly.

"Use your own rope," chuckled the little man. "Mine's used up." He waited appreciatively. "Now how about hopping off?" he suggested amiably.

"Got the stuff on you?"

"You bet."

"All of it?"

"Every last stone."

A HARD voice barked: "The first one of you that moves is dead!"

The four men wheeled toward the door, where stood a strange gray-uniformed figure. The strange figure was leveling a black pistol. The hands of the four men lifted themselves uncertainly.

Then one of the hands moved. It was the plump man in sheik's costume who grabbed toward his own chest, where the butt of a revolver was handy. A shot rang out and the plump man sagged, flopped to the floor.

"Any more of you guys want it?" inquired the hard voice. "All right, stick 'em up. Higher than that. Now turn your backs this way. Line up against the wall. What I said, the first guy that moves is dead."

. . . . .

Ten minutes later Ammerson was able to ask a question.

He said, "But, Lewis, what I don't understand is how come you were here? You haven't been away from your post at the gate—on duty, I mean—for more than four years."

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, sir. I just couldn't help it. You know, I'm crazy about singin'. I used to sing in a quartet in Kansas City. Well, anyway, I called up Hogan to ask him what all the lights was for, and he tells me there's singin'. So I sneak up a little and I hear it. And then I says, 'Hell, I'll go A. W. O. L. for good singin' any day,' and I sneak up all the way. I'm standing outside when they pull their stuff, that's all."

Tilford Ammerson smiled vaguely. "You didn't kill that tenor," he said.

"Jeeze, I'm glad I didn't. Say, he was a swell tenor, captain."

THE END.

The SHELL of Show Boat

Your Critic Finds a Hollywooden Hulk, with Most of the Glory Gone

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Emily Fitzroy, Laura La Plante, and Joseph Schildkraut as they appear in the film version of Edna Ferber's novel.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

EDNA FERBER'S Show Boat was something more than a novel. It was a glowing panorama of the Mississippi, from its headwater landings to the bayous of Louisiana.

Pushing on from its superb picture of a floating theater of the '80s, the novel moved to the old Chicago of the naughty '90s. Shifting again to Manhattan of today, it presented the creation of a new theatrical dynasty, as Magnolia Hawks passed on her slender genius, developed on Captain Andy Hawks' floating theater, to her daughter, Kim. Show Boat has infinite theatrical possibilities. Witness its adaptation by Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., into one of the most attractive musical shows of a generation.

Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Janis in one of the tense scenes from The Pagan.

We recall spending an entire dinner trying to interest D. W. Griffith in its celluloid values. Griffith was broke at the moment and Universal purchased the novel, later (only a month or so ago) acquiring the rights from Ziegfeld to Jerome Kern's admirable music.

Universal spent a lot of money on the film, but the screen version is disappointing. This is due to the turgid adaptation and the clumsiness of Harry Pollard's direction. The shell of Miss Ferber's story remains, but its pulsating glow is gone.

Magnolia Hawks still grows to womanhood on her father's show boat. The shabby elegant Gaylord Ravenal, penniless river gambler, still is picked up on the New Orleans wharf by Captain Andy in search of a juvenile necessary to that night's performance of East Lynne. Ravenal still has a way with him and he marries Magnolia. After Kim is born, Ravenal takes Magnolia away to the up and down career of a gambler's wife in old Chicago. Later he slips out of their lives under the stress of financial embarrassment. And Magnolia goes on to great success in the varieties.

The film brings Ravenal, gray and doddering, back to the show boat, whence Magnolia has come. There is a reconciliation as the darkies on the deck below chant Lonesome Road. Kim, instead of becoming a great actress and a worthy daughter of Magnolia, has been lost in the shuffle of story changes.

The film does better by the Mississippi River sequences than by Magnolia's later life. Chicago, raw and adolescent in those days of the World's Fair Midway Plaisance, is passed over shabbily. The film faintly catches the color of the Ferber novel, with its fine details of a gambler's abrupt switches from the terrapin and champagne of the Palmer House to the dingy resources of a tawdry family hotel across the old Clark Street bridge.

The acting of Show Boat is pretty poor. Laura La Plante is slightly the best of the cast as Magnolia, but Joseph Schildkraut overacts terribly as Ravenal. Universal muffed a lot of glory on Show Boat. The Kern music, movietoned into the background, aids considerably, and there is a half-hour prologue in celluloid showing the best bits from the Ziegfeld stage version. These just about wreck the Hollywooden events that follow.

★

Metro-Goldwyn dusted off the standard South Sea plot for Ramon Novarro in The Pagan. Here, again, are the wicked white trader, the native girl, and the upright young Polynesian. Usually the young man is white; here he is only half white, but he defeats the evil copra buyer and carries his bride away to the top of a mountain where they movietone duets ever after. Novarro sings—and turns out to be a tenor.

★

William Haines plays another smart Aleck in Metro-Goldwyn's The Duke Steps Out. He is a millionaire pugilist, but he risks his ring career to enroll at Sierra in order to be near a beautiful co-ed, Joan Crawford. With these two players, and James Cruze at the megaphone, the comedy, frail as it is, could not be bad.

Do you know that—

Emil Jannings is returning to Germany, but Paramount declares he will come back to make talkies? . . . Reginald Denny is leaving Universal?

Fouled!

An Undersea Adventure on the Sunken S 4

By

TOM EADIE

International photo

The author with the ship's bell of the salvaged S 4.

Admiral Brumby signaling to reporters that Eadie phones from the depths that there is life on board the S 4.

WHEN the submarine S 4 was sunk off Provincetown, the disaster was due to so many little things, one after another, that a man couldn't be blamed if he came to think Fate had taken an active hand.

To begin with, the submarine and the coast guard destroyer Paulding that hit her were practically the only vessels anywhere near the entrance to Provincetown harbor on that rough winter afternoon. There was a stretch of clear water seventeen miles broad, and only the most exact calculation could bring the S 4 up from her submerged run at exactly the second and exactly in the spot where the Paulding couldn't help hitting her.

If she had come up ten seconds sooner, her periscopes would have cleared up enough so that she would have seen the Paulding rushing down on her. If either boat had been a scant 100 feet from where she was, there would have been no collision.

But they did meet, and the Paulding rode right over the submarine's forward deck, and sliced into her battery room, breaking off a part of her own stem and leaving it in the gash.

Down went the S 4 in 100 feet of water, and by what we found later we know that this was what happened down there in the depths:

Six men were forward, either in the battery room, where the Paulding's bow came through, or in the torpedo room at the extreme bow. They got into the torpedo room and closed the door; one of them was Lieutenant Fitch, the commanding officer of the S 4. It is likely that they had got the door closed before the S 4 hit the bottom, for she went down on a slant, and struck nose first in the soft mud, righting herself as she settled.

The others of the ship's company—thirty-four men—were in the central operating compartment, and the engine room and motor room, aft of that. They likewise made it their first business to close the door from the central operating compartment (the C. O. C.) to the battery room where the water was coming in.

ALL hands must have been thrown down when the S 4 heeled to the blow of the destroyer, and so it took a few seconds to close that door. Close by it was the central switchboard, the very nerve center of the boat, and over the door was the big ventilation pipe, passing through the bulkhead. This pipe was of thin copper.

The first thing those men could have known, the water pressure on the battery-room side of the bulkhead crushed the thin copper pipe, and a torrent of water came through into the C. O. C.

They knew there were two things to do—one was to close a flapper valve in the pipe, right in the bulkhead itself, and the other was somehow to keep the water from hitting the switchboard and short-circuiting the whole thing.

Nine times out of ten they would have succeeded. But just beyond that bulkhead, on the battery-room side, in the officers' quarters, hung a flimsy portiere. When the ventilation pipe crushed, and the water began to go through, its current pulled the tail of that portiere right up and under the edge of the flapper valve. The men couldn't close it tight. The water kept on coming through.

They got a blanket, and tried to shelter the switchboard with that. Again they failed; the switchboard flashed, and burned one man badly. His comrades carried him aft and put him in a bunk, and there we found him.

Those men fought to the end. They were driven out of the C. O. C. and into the engine room and motor room, and were drowned.

Meanwhile every bit of help possible was being rushed

to Provincetown, and less than twenty-four hours after the submarine was wrecked, it had been learned that six men were still alive in the torpedo room.

It was in the attempt to hook up to the submarine's salvage air line and get air through to these six men that Fred Michels almost lost his life. And it was against this final attempt that Fate put up one last terrible deception.

Communication had been established with the men inside the submarine. The topside sent them a message to take the gag out of the salvage air line. They replied that they had already taken out the gag, and that water came out of the pipe. They were standing in eighteen inches of water then, and there was a slow leak making it steadily deeper.

When water came in through the salvage line, they hastily put the gag back, to keep out what water they could as long as they could. But *if they had not put it back, the water would have stopped coming;* there was really no break in the air line, though they believed—and the topside concluded from their report—that the line was ruptured.

Such a storm was raging on the surface that the Falcon, the rescue ship, had already dragged her anchor. For a diver to go overside was practically committing suicide. Yet I believe that but for that report another man might have tried it if they ever could have held the Falcon in position.

AS it was—though they by no means gave up hope of saving those six men—they used the time when they couldn't go down to save Fred Michels by rushing him to Boston to the naval hospital. He had to be kept in a decompression chamber; the Falcon was the only vessel with one, and she went to Boston, through a big gale that didn't reach its height until next day.

The Falcon was back the same day she left, but was forced to lie idle all the next day because of the terrific wind and sea. On the third morning, we found the storm had carried away the marking buoy, and we had to find the wreck all over again—and by that time the six men in the torpedo room were gone.

For the divers there was still more weary luck to come. The newspapers had roused public indignation by the manner in which they reported the Falcon's leaving the sunken submarine while there was still life aboard of her, and there was so much expression of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Int. photo

Showing how the navy tried to rescue the six men trapped in the sunken S 4. Above is the Falcon at anchor. Below is a diver on the submarine's deck, confronted with the jungle of wreckage in which Fred Michels nearly lost his life. In the oval is Eadie on the diving stage, ready to go down.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

feeling against the navy that it was decided to go on with the salvage work right through the winter.

Deep-sea diving in winter, in these latitudes, is torture anyway. Besides, it is very dangerous because of the likelihood of a diver's air freezing and clogging his control valve, so that he gets no air. But we went on, and after a new apparatus had been invented for preheating a diver's air, we got along better, though of course all the time suffering from the cold of the water.

The Paulding struck the S 4 at 3:37 on the afternoon of Saturday, December 17, 1927, and I first heard of it at 6:15 through a telephone message from the Newport torpedo station to my home in Newport.

" Come to the station immediately—the S 4 has been sunk," they said, and I changed from civilian kit to uniform, threw some stuff into a suitcase, begged a ride to the ferry, which is a mile from my home, and caught the 6:25 boat to the island.

The other divers were coming in: Michels, Carr—a member of the Falcon's crew home on leave—Bailey, Burd, Brown, Winters, Anderson, Hawkes — about eleven in all.

We left in three motor cars, with motor-cycle policemen to clear the way for us, on the wildest ride of my whole life, for we had no escort from New Bedford on, and we didn't know the roads very well.

It happened that four months before this, my tender had let me run out of air while I was on the bottom. I had had a narrow escape and come out of the experience with some heart trouble. Even in December I was not entirely back where I had been, and all the way up the cape I was praying that I would be able to do my stuff.

Left to right, standing, Fred Michels and Captain Henry Hartley. Seated, Bill Carr and Tom Eadie.

WE got to Provincetown at 12:30. The Falcon wasn't in; she had left New London just sixty-eight minutes after the first unconfirmed report reached there, but she didn't arrive at Provincetown till next morning. So we couldn't get out to the wreck.

Lieutenant Matthews got rooms for us in a lodging house. The town was swarming with newspaper men, and they were all over us, and asking all sorts of questions. Even after we got turned in, one man came to our rooms. He asked so many foolish questions that the gang began kidding him. I laughed myself sick at every yarn they told him, but later on we realized that when you kid a reporter you're really kidding the public.

It had been blowing hard all night, and Sunday morning it was even worse. The only boat we could go out in was the surfboat of the coast guard at Wood End. It was so rough that she couldn't go alongside of the Falcon. She was towing a dory, and we went to windward of the Falcon, and two of us got into the dory. I was one of the two.

Then the men in the surfboat slacked the dory down alongside the Falcon. I threw my suitcase aboard, and when there was a chance I climbed aboard myself.

Captain Hartley met me. " Eadie," said he, " you'll be the first man to go down."

" All right, sir, as soon as I get into my gear," said I.

We were not sure at that time that we had the S 4's position. All we knew was that the coast guard had dragged a grapnel and had hooked on to some object on the bottom. Just what it was could not be known until the catch had been " proved " by a diver.

The Falcon was anchored, however, right on the mark set by the coast guard. She wasn't moored out; there was too much sea running to set moorings. But the fact that she was lying to an anchor, and of course yawing from one side to the other, was what put Michels' life in danger two hours later.

I went over the side on the stage. It was bitter cold. The spray was flying and freezing where it struck, so that to dress me they had to set up a canvas screen to keep me dry while I got into the diving suit.

The Falcon was rolling so badly that I should have been smashed against her side by the swinging stage, but for the many hands that held it clear. But they lowered me quickly, and I was soon below the " send " of the sea.

YOU get the forward motion of a sea only so far below the surface as its height above the surface. That is, a wave five feet high will give you a " send " five feet below the surface.

As soon as I was well under water I tested everything — telephone, valves, and the suit—for leaks. Then I left the stage and slid down on the grapnel line.

On that dive I wore a suit with gloves on it. I carried with me nothing but a hammer, which was for the purpose of tapping signals on the various compartments of the submarine if I found her, though I never for a moment thought there would be any life aboard of her.

I went down 100 feet in less than fourteen seconds, and landed right between the periscopes. I had come down so fast that my shoes hit the sub with a clang that was heard by the six men imprisoned in the torpedo room. And I thought I heard a signal.

I said at once over the phone, " It is the submarine."

Then I looked round. The visibility was very poor; the current was running thwartships and stirring up the mud, making the water terribly murky. To make it worse, the day was overcast, and so there was very little light there at all.

I jumped down to the forward deck locker, and this time I heard another signal, and heard it plain. They were pounding inside of her.

" My God," I said; " a signal! "

I knew exactly where it came from, and could run directly to it.

First I had to climb over the gun, which was slewed around to port with its breech up and muzzle down. Then I landed in a tangled mess of wreckage. The way she looked, she was far worse off than the S 51 ever thought of being—that is, going by the open wreckage you could see. Her deck was covered with loose pieces of metal lying about, bits broken off the Paulding and off her own superstructure. Larger twisted and bent pieces were all snarled up in a heap forward of the gun.

I picked my way forward over that mess to where I knew the sounds were coming from, the torpedo loading hatch. There I banged with my hammer a number of times on the hatch, and held my other hand down on it to feel the vibration of any response.

I got a response at once. It seemed to hit right under my hand, and it was so strong that it was transmitted

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

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America does business with a pencil. A really good pencil adds efficiency, speeds routine, eases nerves. And saves money by lasting longer! That's why so many offices use Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga.

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Made in the U. S. A. by
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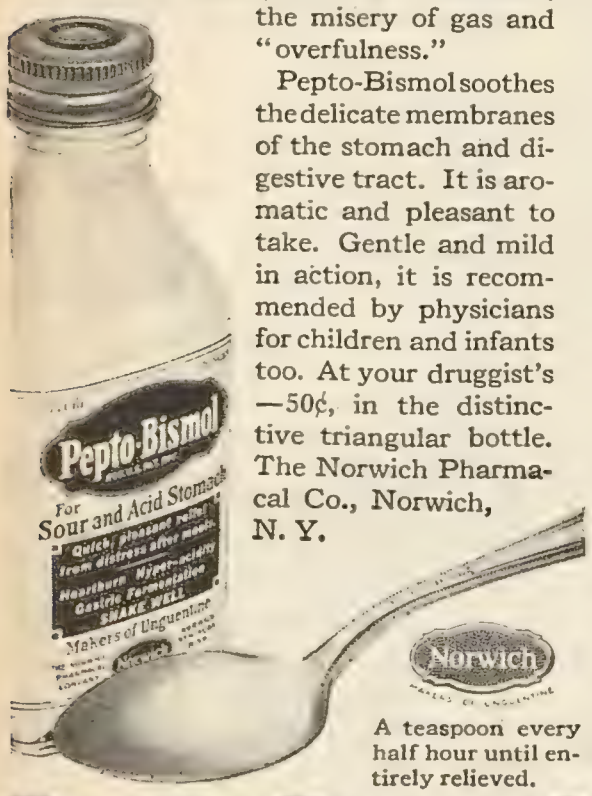
After Over Eating

Relieve Indigestion with this reliable Doctor's Prescription

DON'T let each hearty meal lead to heartburn, bad breath, acid stomach, the misery of gas and "overfulness."

Pepto-Bismol soothes the delicate membranes of the stomach and digestive tract. It is aromatic and pleasant to take. Gentle and mild in action, it is recommended by physicians for children and infants too. At your druggist's —50¢, in the distinctive triangular bottle. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.



A teaspoon every half hour until entirely relieved.

Pepto-Bismol

[FOULED! Continued from page forty]

through my body and to my telephone line. The man tending my telephone told me afterward that he knew there was life aboard, even before I told him.

"I could hear your signal," he said, "and their answer, and I could tell the difference between them."

As soon as they answered, I banged the hatch again a few times to let them know we were on the job. I didn't know any Morse code, so I couldn't talk with them.

"Life aboard in the forward torpedo room," I told the topside, and heard my tender repeat it.

Then I said, "I'm going toward the bow," and worked forward. This was so the people on the topside could trace my bubbles and so know the boat's position as she lay on the bottom, and know how to set the moorings as soon as it was possible to go to work. Of course, I reported every bit of information as fast as I came to it.

International photo

The long-sunken S 4 comes to the surface in a foam.

All this time the men inside never sent another signal. I figure that they knew what I was doing, and knew that I would try to signal other compartments. If I did, and they replied, they knew it would only confuse me, and so they kept still. That was gameness!

"Gee, Eadie," said I to myself, "if you never do anything more in your whole life, inspire those men in there with the confidence that we on the topside are on to our job, and doing every last thing we can."

I FULLY realized their predicament, and knew what they didn't know—that because of the bad weather and heavy sea at the surface, we had little chance to work quickly. And only speed could save their lives.

I got aft to the conning tower and tapped on it, but got no answer. Worse than that, I could tell by the sound that the conning tower was full of water. That settled the question of the crew being able to help us to help them. The C. O. C. is right under the conning tower, and I knew it was full of water.

I ran along the deck, going aft, and in my anxiety to cover the ground as fast as I could, I wasn't as watchful as I should have been. So I was fetched up with a jerk: I had run into the tangled radio antenna, which had been carried away in the collision, and was foul on one side of my helmet in the spitcock, and on the other side in the exhaust valve.

They noticed on the topside that I had stopped.

"Are you in trouble?" the tender asked.

"I'm foul in the antenna," I told them, "but I'm all right and I can clear myself in a minute."

I did get clear, and tried to move farther aft. Still I was held up somehow. Then, looking up, I saw that I was foul round the submarine's little yardarm.

"I guess I can't get any farther aft," I told the topside. "I'm foul on the yardarm. But I'll lie down and stretch out as far as I can, and try a tap."

As it happened, I just did reach the engine-room hatch, and sent a few signals without getting any response. Then I was assured that there was nobody alive inside the boat except the men in the forward torpedo room.

SO I got back to the conning tower, and climbed it to clear my lines from the yardarm, about seven feet above me. Knowing that the next thing they would try would be to blow the ballast tanks from the topside, I went to the side of the cutwater on the conning tower and opened the hatch on the side of it, where the connections for the ballast tanks and compartments were, placed there for this very emergency.

"I've gone all over her," I told the topside, "and opened the hatch on the cutwater. What do you want me to do now?"

"You've been down long enough," they told me. "Stand by to come up. We have another man ready to go down."

This man was Bill Carr. While I was going up, I saw him pass me, carrying an air hose to hook on to the connections I had just cleared. The idea was to blow the tanks through the Kingston valves—for if the tanks were flooded the Kingstons would be open.

As soon as Carr had hooked up, the Falcon was moved a little way from the position, to be out of the way if the S 4 should come up. Then they gave her all the air they could get together.

At the end of half an hour there was a big eruption of air at the surface—and that attempt was a failure. They could easily see that one of the tanks had been ruptured by the collision and it was useless to carry on any farther in that line.

On the topside, as soon as they knew there was life aboard the submarine, they got their submarine signal system oscillator overside, and sent signals. I think the first signal was to ask what the conditions were.

"There are six in the torpedo room;

fifteen inches of water, and a slow leak," was the answer.

This was close to noon on Sunday, for I had gone down about 11. Carr came up before the Falcon started to blow air into the tanks, and nothing else could be done until that plan had been tried out.

This lapse of time sounds as though we were deliberate; as a matter of fact, not a fraction of a minute was wasted. You can tell by this: the next thing was to try to put air into the compartments of the boat, through the connections in the cutwater hatch. Now, instead of taking off the line Bill Carr had put on, to save time the next diver would take down another air hose and put it on to the compartment connections.

By this time it was already getting dark. The sea was getting worse all the time, and I know that diving had never been attempted before under such desperate conditions. It will never be tried again, unless by a man of the United States navy. No commercial diver would dream of doing it.

The seas were coming aboard the Falcon, and the tenders along the rail were coated with ice. Before a diver could get under water, the spray and wind made him a mass of ice.

The cold lets up a little once you get actually under water. But if you have got chilled before that, you don't warm up. You stay chilled.

CAPTAIN KING said, "We must get air in there tonight. It's tonight or never."

They looked round for the best man to send, and decided on Fred Michels. He went down, taking the second hose.

After he had been down quite a while, they heard nothing from him for so long that they got anxious. They called to him several times. Finally he said he was badly fouled, and asked them to send me down. They couldn't understand him very well, but he seemed to be saying, "Send Eadie. Cutters, Eadie, cutters." They figured he meant wire cutters.

Captain Hartley came down to my bunk, where I was asleep. It was about five and a half hours since I had made my dive. I had been an hour on the bottom; then I had been decompressed aboard the Falcon. I had got warm, had something to eat, and turned in.

"Mike is foul," said Captain Hartley, when he waked me, "and it looks kind of bad. Will you go after him?"

"Yes, sir," said I. "I'll be up as soon as I can." And I was in such a hurry that instead of putting on three suits of underwear, as we usually did in that cold weather, I put on only one.

On deck, I asked for a suit without any gloves, for I knew I would need the freedom of my hands. The temperature of the water that night was thirty-four degrees, and putting your hands into it was like putting them

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How the LINIT Beauty Bath Smooths a Rough Skin

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"A SKIN Like a Rose Petal!"—every woman wants to think that about her skin.

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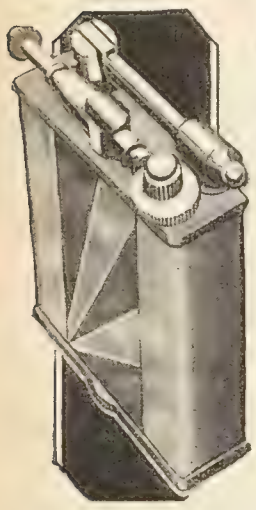
Ball-Bearing Action · *that's why the* **"NASCO"** *lights in a flash!*



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Frances Williams and her Hands

"WHEN people tell me about the expressiveness of my hands, it makes me happy—and grateful to Flash de Luxe, which keeps them so smooth, so white and so refreshed feeling." *Frances Williams, star in George White's Scandals.*

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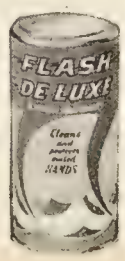

FLASH

De Luxe

MAKES HANDS BEAUTIFUL

FOULED!

[Continued from page forty-three]

into freezing brine. It was very painful.

I dressed in the lee of the canvas screen, or I'd have been sopping wet before I even went over the side.

The telephone in the helmet they brought me wouldn't work. That meant taking off my breastplate, and getting another breastplate and helmet. It also meant more delay for Michels, down there in the dark, before some one could get to him.

Captain Hartley said, "We're still talking with Mike, but we can't hear him very well. It seems to be cutters he's saying, so I'm giving you a heavy pair of wire cutters."

"All right," said I, "but put in a hammer, a chisel, and a small crowbar"—for I had no idea the wire cutters would be of any use.

To save time, I went down on Michels' own line, and I carried a 1,000-watt electric lamp. I landed right close by Mike, who was lying in the wreckage on deck, forward of the gun. He had never made the connection.

He was lying face down, and there were at least eight turns of his lines woven back and forth across his back. They were caught in the wreckage on one side, and on what we afterward found was a piece of the Paulding's bow, sticking in the gash in the submarine's hull, on the other.

International photo

The salvaged S 4 at Boston Navy Yard, her flag at half-mast.

MIKE'S pickle was due to the storm that was blowing on the surface. The Falcon, laying to an anchor, naturally would yaw. As she went off to one side, Michels' lines would come taut, and his tender would have to give him some slack or else haul him off the deck of the sub.

When the limit of the yaw came, and the Falcon began to go the other way, the line and hose lying on the bottom became a long, narrow loop, and as the Falcon got over to the other side this loop would hook on to a piece of wreckage.

Again the tender would have to give slack. Then again the ship would come back, and another bight come sweeping across the bottom, this time to catch on the fragment of the Paulding's bow.

As it came across, it just happened to land across Mike's shoulders; had he been six feet forward or aft of where he was, it wouldn't have caught him. But it did, and pressed him down on the deck. Then the yawing went on, and the other turns were laid on top of him. First I tried to clear him. I saw one bight that was caught in an angle iron down on the side of the boat. It was bent into a U shape, and I realized that if the line could get into that U it could get out. So I got down over the side.

Even with the light, I couldn't see. But I felt down below the angle iron, and got hold of the line. Then I braced my foot and pulled, but using all my strength I couldn't get it out. Yet I saw that if I started anywhere but where I was, I would make the snarl still worse. I had never seen such a mess!

THE wire cutters were absolutely useless; they couldn't cut the angle iron. I came to the conclusion that the best way would be to saw through the angle iron, through the bight of the U, and let Michels stand up on his feet.

I hadn't been talking to the topside much. They had called me, and said they had told Mike I was coming. But I said, "It's quite a mess here. Don't bother me."

Now I told them to send me down a hacksaw on my light wire. When I got it I went over to Mike. I hadn't spoken to him, but he knew I was there, and kept pointing to where he was foul. Then I would make a motion that I understood. He was really only a dim outline in that muddy water.

I put the light in Mike's hand, and put his hand so the light would be where I needed it. He was within five or six feet of that angle iron, but he couldn't get over to it.

He held the light, but in less than a minute it flared up in my eyes so I couldn't see a thing. He couldn't hold it, but I didn't know that. I got kind of angry and shook him, and said, "Hold it there!"

Then it flared again. He had dropped it.

This time I realized there was something wrong with him. He would have helped me if he could. As a matter of fact, he was unconscious; his suit had got cut, and was full of ice water—and he couldn't move to keep his circulation going.

So then I took the light and put it against the gun mount, and finally got to work sawing that angle iron.

It was a miserable job. The iron was loose, and I had to hold it with one hand and saw with the other. It was in an awkward place, near the edge of the superstructure, and I had to lie

right down in the wreckage alongside of Michels, to work.

I had to go slow and carefully, too. A hacksaw blade is brittle. If I broke it, it would cost time to get new blades down, and time was the breath of life. I could last only about so long, and Mike could live only about so long.

It took me forty to forty-five minutes to cut through that stout angle iron. Inside the boat they never made a sound. They undoubtedly thought that whatever we were doing was toward their rescue. It was very cold, and my hands were aching terribly.

Finally I got through, but here was a new misery. Lying down in the wreckage to work, I had got against a sharp angle in the mess, and my own suit was cut. I was wet to the neck.

The bight I had freed was the end nearest to Mike. As soon as I had worked the slack back and forth and got some more, I stood him up.

He didn't help me when I pulled him up. But I could hardly see him at all; there was a lot of mud. As a matter of fact, he was clean out, and even then I didn't know it.

BY this time I was taking the turns out of his line, and telling the topside to take it in slowly. I thought I had got it all clear; then I saw there was still one turn over the side.

I put my line and hose in Mike's hands, for him to hold me, and went over the side. But he let me go entirely. So I secured my life line on a piece of wreckage, and cleared his turn.

"Take up the slack in his life line," I told the topside, "and tell him to follow me to the descending line." I went along myself, but suddenly began to feel buoyant.

"Stop pulling me up," I called into the telephone.

"We aren't pulling you up," they said, and I turned quick and saw Mike's feet floating about level with my face. I grabbed them and pulled him down.

We found afterward that one of us had taken a turn round the other's life line, and his buoyancy was pulling me off the deck. But at the moment I just tripped his spitcock and relieved his buoyancy. Then I pulled down our lines till I saw the turn and passed him under the lines to clear it.

Even then I didn't realize that he was out. I simply wondered why he didn't work with me. I motioned him to come toward the descending line, and held the light behind me to show him the way. In a moment I looked round, and again I couldn't find him.

"Where's Mike?" I asked the topside.

"He's all right," they said. They knew he was clear because they knew they had all of his line except enough to reach to the bottom.

We didn't know how bad things

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Clip the coupon for 7 shaves as Cool as ... Arctic Breezes!

ONE clip of the shears and you're free for life from the stings of the razor. For as soon as you get these 7 cool Ingram shaves you'll know that a new shaving sensation has come to town and to your bathroom.

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Don't fail to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life! Clip the coupon! Do it now!

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FOULED!
Continued from page forty-five

were. The Falcon had begun to drag her anchor in that gale. She was drifting so badly that she had dragged 450 feet, even though two other ships had their anchors down, and had lines to the Falcon, trying to hold her up in position.

It meant that Mike and I were at the extremity of our lines. Captain Hartley figured that in five to twenty minutes longer, if I hadn't got Mike clear, we would undoubtedly both have been left there. So time was even more precious than we had any idea.

At the descending line, I didn't see Mike. I told them on the topside that I couldn't.

"All right," they said. "Stand by to come up."

"All right," I answered. "Haul me up—I'm wet to the neck!"

They would have hauled me anyway, under the conditions and with the ship drifting.

I was still carrying the light. When I got to the surface the light of it showed Michels lying, blown up, on the surface!

They didn't know on the Falcon that he was there. But that's how he got to the surface before me, and I got into the tank ahead of him!

There were three men in the tank, waiting for us. They took my suit off, and right in the middle of that, Mike was passed in. It was just the same as you'd pass in a broom; he was as stiff as a board.

His eyes were rolled up into his head, and he was frothing at the mouth and making a gurgling sound. We had to cut his clothes off him, diving suit, underwear, and all. He had a pair of woolen gloves on, and even though we cut them, his fists were clenched so tight that it took all the strength of two men to open his hands and make him let go.

IT looked as though we had lost him after we thought we'd saved him. I ordered the pressure run up to sixty pounds, for it looked like a bad case of the bends.

Then we went to work. We massaged his body and slapped his face, and in general gave him a beating.

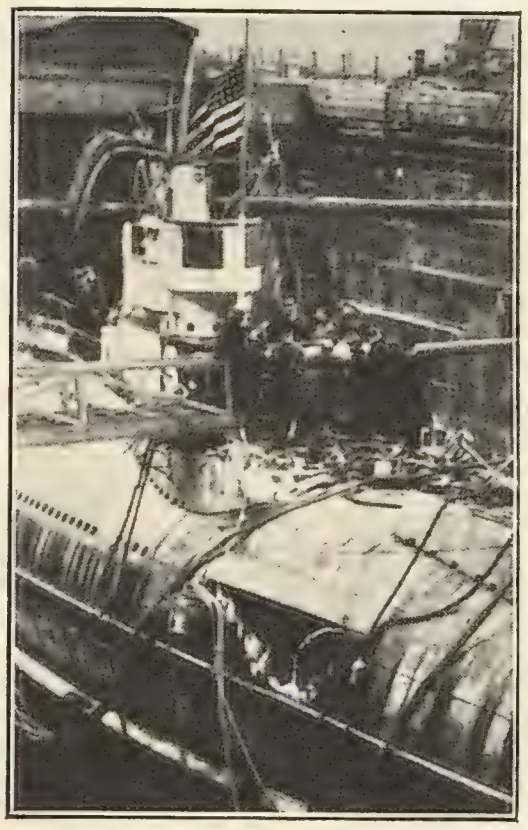
Cold as I was myself, I never felt it until I noticed that Mike was apparently coming round. Then I began to shiver. I lay right down close up to Mike, both of us naked, and they put the blankets round us.

It was 11:40 when we went into the tank, and it wasn't until 3:30 that Mike could recognize anyone. I went down and slept, but they kept Mike in the tank.

The next morning, Monday, the weather was so bad that diving was impossible. We had one signal from the submarine that morning.

Mike was still very weak, and it was thought that to save his life he ought to be in a hospital. The only safe way to get him there was in a decompression chamber, and the Falcon was the only ship that had a decompression chamber. So she went to Boston with him.

This was the trip that was so much criticized at the time, by people who could only see the picture of those six men shut up in the submarine while their only possible rescuer was gone to Boston.



International photo

The S 4 in dry dock, showing the rent in her hull.

THOSE people couldn't be blamed for their feelings, but they simply didn't know that nothing could be done while the storm lasted — and the storm didn't reach its height till Tuesday. The Falcon got back Monday night.

The reporters were not at first allowed aboard the Falcon. There just wasn't room for them. Her complement was sixty-two men, and she already had 146 aboard. So the reporters wrote stories that were so wrong that we couldn't even recognize from them the job we were on.

Bill Carr said, "Gee, Tom, from now on I won't even believe the baseball scores!"

Later, a committee of the reporters lived aboard, though for every reporter that got a bunk some man of the crew had to give up a bunk.

On Tuesday we lay near the wreck, but we couldn't see much in the storm. The marking buoy was seen late in the day.

It was gone Wednesday morning, and we figured it had been carried away during the night.

Tuesday was spent in getting ready to do whatever could be done next. The idea of getting air into the compartments by the salvage line had been given up, for both the men in the torpedo room and those on the topside had concluded that the salvage line was ruptured.

Two things were decided on. We got a message from a submarine skipper away out on the Pacific coast: "Try the S. C. tube."

This is a listening device, with a T-shaped tube that stands up on the forward deck, and is so rigged that if the listening gear is in place, air can

be forced into the torpedo room and foul air vented.

The other thing was to try to get food, fresh water, oxygen, and soda lime for purifying the air, into the S 4 through the torpedo tubes. We got these things ready in packages that would fit the torpedo tubes pretty snug, and the divers were standing by ready to go down with them, when sun-up came and we saw that the buoy was gone.

The working boats had to sweep again to find the S 4; they soon got her, and the Falcon went into position and put a new descending line on her.

Life had ceased to exist aboard the submarine by that time. We didn't know it, but our officers did. Still, we went ahead on the possibility that there was a chance.

Bill Carr hooked up to the S. C. tube, but it was too late. Nobody was left alive. And the next day, Thursday, the job changed from rescue to salvage.

BUT for the state of public feeling, we might have left her where she was until spring. But under the circumstances, the orders were to work every possible day, and we began to put into practice the program we had learned so painfully on the S 51.

The wreck wasn't so deep by thirty feet as the S 51, but it lay in mud instead of on clean bottom. Accidents to divers, some of them due to the bad weather, were more frequent, and we had constant trouble with the air freezing.

We had a dummy diver, and before we went out to the wreck on bad days we would lower him—we called him Jake—into the water and see whether his air would freeze.

Often, when it did freeze, we went out just the same, and later on a preheating apparatus took away most of that trouble.

Our job was first to flood the torpedo room where the six men had died, to preserve their bodies from decomposition. Then we had to seal up the submarine airtight, except of course the ruptured battery room. Then, as on the S 51, we had to get chains under her, attach pontoons to them hove short, and fill everything full of air so the submarine would rise.

It may be said that we got the S 4 in just fourteen minutes less than ninety days from the time she sank, and that of these ninety days there were just fifty-six on which it was possible for divers to go down. In those fifty-six days approximately 570 dives were made. On the S 51, fully 1,500 dives must have been made. So the task wasn't as simple as it may sound.

It was January 28, I think, that we found out what had really caused the loss of the lives of those forty men in the S 4.

It must be understood that in making the boat air-tight we couldn't do anything with the battery room. That was cut wide open. But we

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HELEN MENKEN

Celebrated Dramatic Actress

says:

"I Owe My White Teeth to the Use of Kolynos on a Dry Tooth Brush"

The brilliant Helen Menken as Thi-Linh, the half-caste, in the dramatic success, "Congai," a vivid portrayal of life in French Indo-China.

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whitens teeth 3 shades in 3 days!

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Dentists are advocating it and the public fast adopting it.

This is why:

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You can use Kolynos on a dry brush because it foams profusely in the mouth—the only tooth paste that does! The secret formula contains one ingredient that causes it to whip instantly into a surging foam.

This foam is active and antiseptic. It "works on" the mucin coating on teeth like millions of tiny fingers, breaking it up and washing it off the teeth. Teeth are cleaned down to the naked white enamel without injury.

The foam pushes its way into all the tiny crevices in the mouth. It penetrates where no "inert" tooth paste can go. It cleans out and disinfects all those places where food particles lodge and cause decay.

It refreshes the whole mouth and gums with a tingling, germicidal bath. No other dentifrice gives you like effects.

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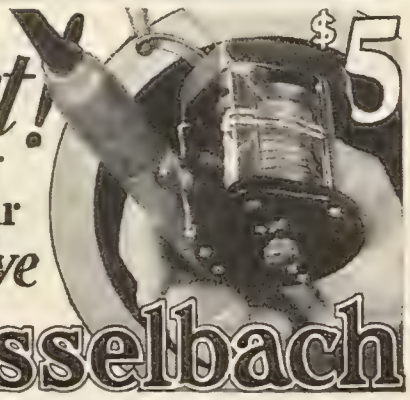
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zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

[FOULED! Continued from page forty-seven]

could close the door between the battery room and the C. O. C.

We had also to close the ventilation duct, which went through over the doorway. In the bulkhead was the brass casting to which the pipe was fastened, with a flapper valve on each side.

The valve had been closed on the C. O. C. side, but it wouldn't seat tight. I was working on the flapper valve on the battery-room side, and I noticed for the first time that the ventilator pipe, of thin copper, was crushed and had broken away from the casting.

Then came a wonderful and startling thing. In the midst of my work, 100 feet under water, I suddenly found my head sticking up out of water and in the air.

My exhaust air had been forcing the water out of the battery room through the gash, and forming a big air bubble in the domed top of the compartment, and I had stood up into that.

Then I could see there was something in the brass casting, under the valves. I tried to pull it out, but I couldn't. Of course it was the curtain that had drifted off the officers' quarters and into the valve. The other flapper valve, which we had closed by a special device, was right down on the curtain.

I told them on the topside, by telephone, what I had found, but they said my time was up and I had better come up.

So the next team of divers went down, slacked up the flapper valve on the C. O. C. side, and pulled out the curtain. Then the valves seated perfectly.

Just before Washington's Birthday I was ordered to Washington. Congress had voted me the Medal of Honor, the highest honor which can be paid to an American, in recognition of my getting Fred Michels clear. And the President hung it on its ribbon round my neck on Washington's Birthday itself.

I was back on the job in time for the actual raising of the S 4. It was accomplished without the slightest hitch, on March 17, and she was towed to the Boston Navy Yard. Afterward, she was repaired and equipped for experimental work, and she is now off the Virginia Capes, trying out various safety devices which have been offered as the result of her tragedy.

THE END

How Many Mistakes Here?

Detecting the seven mistakes made by the artist in drawing this picture will test your ability to observe details. If any of the errors elude you, turn to the list on page seventy-nine.

"You Go There Yourself!"

A New For the Love o' Lil

LIL'S home town was roasting. Ladies got out souvenir fans, bought on their honeymoons at the World's Fair. Bedraggled horses continued walking because they knew their next step would be their last—leaving ironic imprints of good luck in the molasses-like asphalt. Ministers and firemen prayed for cessations in nuptials and fires. Barefooted boys twirled their cool toes at the poor fish in the City Hall fountain.

This week's cover picture.

And Lil? A poor, overheated permanent-wave martyr, she'd just returned from Flynn's Parisian Beauty Salon, that remarkable section of the mezzanine from which the aged emerge middle-aged, the middle-aged young, and the young ready for the cradle.

"Where've you been?" Sandy boomed, home early from the office. He had a T. B. M.'s peevish 5 P. M. look. "Out with your lover? Where're his rooms? Over the Chop Suey Palace?"

Lil didn't know which of the four insinuating questions to answer first, her husband was so mad. But at least he had spoken to her. After a week's silence, broken only by an italicized damn at her maple rocker, his angry voice seemed like a benediction.

"No, dear," she said sweetly. "I've just had another permanent. And you know that Bodo isn't my lover! As for his rooms, according to the Evening Breeze, they seem to be on the third floor of the penitentiary. He must feel very humiliated. I think I'll send him some fruit."

"Fruit?" Sandy yelled like a Bowery vender screaming above the elevated din. "You mean banana peels! I'd send him some if I thought he'd slip an' crack his jaw."

"Crack his jaw? That's a pretty remark," Lil yelled back, hoping she could originate a worse verbal slam at her husband. "What did he ever do to you except skin you out of five thousand dollars for that fake platinum mine in Afghanistan? He was impoverished and fell into the gutter of the straight and narrow path. Jot it down under contributions on your next income-tax return. I bet they find funnier things than that listed."

Wifely intuition told her to continue talking a mile a minute in order to ward off his next remark.

"You certainly could afford the five thousand," she hurriedly went on after taking a deep breath. "Not that you would've handed it to *me* for the Ladies' Missionary Circle, a home for wayward cats—or—or anything like that—dear." Her dear was clearly an afterthought.

"Dear?" Sandy bellowed. "You have the nerve to let that word drop from between your teeth? Roll out from your rouged lips? How many times did Bodo kiss you? How many times did you kiss him? Am I to sit back and enjoy the close-ups like at a cheap movie? Cheap! That's what you've been, all right."

He was so mad that he wished his wife were triplets. Then he would be able to bawl her out three times as much. With a flushed face, and eyes popping like a cat's confronting a dog, he stamped up the staircase. Then he shot a warning over one shoulder.

"Wait until you see what I bring down!" he called.

Poor Lil stepped out into the vestibule for air. She needed it. What was he going to bring down—a club?

"See?" Sandy suddenly leered at her, clipping her knee with his heavy valise. "I'm leavin' home. You can go to hell!"

"You go there yourself!" Lil flared.

(Next week's cover adventure: Club Blues)

More time for play—
More pleasure from
Better tobacco
It's the spirit of today!

Better tobacco! It's part of the better times, the better living you see everywhere today. Men are finding more time to enjoy life, they are discovering the new pleasures of better living. That's why more and more thousands of men every day are discovering Old Briar tobacco.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, exactly suitable for pipe smoking are entrusted to Old Briar experts—men who have had years of scientific experience in the art of mellowing and blending. Only this combination could produce the unique smoking qualities of Old Briar tobacco.

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OF ALL THE PLEASURE MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

Vox

Well, They Threw Lucifer Out

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—My temperature went up five degrees when I read the Vox Pop letter from Pacifist, and Proud of It, in which this peace-preacher had his say about the "horrible, idiotic futility of war."

What gets my goat about these pacifists is this: They seem to think that they are the only ones who hate war, and that believers in preparedness just simply dote on war.

The fact is, believers in an adequate army and navy hate war, too—but they've got enough sense to realize its inevitability.

The instinct to fight is bound up with the instinct to live, and when aggressiveness ceases, life ceases.

Even in heaven I'll bet some angel or other occasionally—I said *occasionally*—breaks her harp over another angel's head.—*Hoosier with Hoss Sense.*

This Will Be a Blow to Mr. Fiaschetti

OMAHA, NEB.—Michael Fiaschetti, who wrote your "stool pigeon" stories, should post up on the doings of foreign police organizations. The detective ability of the United States is the poorest in the world, bar none. Stool pigeons have their value, but many a crime gets by because even stool pigeons are afraid of being taken for a ride. The Elwell case, Dot King case, Hall-Mills case, and a dozen others that have baffled the American sleuths would have been pie for Scotland Yard or the French detectives—or the German or Russian police organizations.

A laboratory in which expert, scientific men work to analyze clues, however insignificant, is a puzzle to the generality of American police detectives. What do they know about laboratory work? But work of that sort is an old story in Europe, and that is the chief reason they don't have the crime we do. You almost know you are going to get caught there—but here . . . about one chance in a hundred of some stool giving you away.—*Fred Mason.*

Yeh?

GARDENA, CALIF.—Who the h— do these Vox Popping women think they are—the Deity? Every woman from childhood to the grave is the embodiment of deceit. From the time they can lisp their first word they pretend to be what they are not.

An eminent jurist, lecturing before a law class, told the class not to believe a woman—not even under oath—and declared that all women were liars. Ask any woman how far she will trust another woman.

A woman's vocabulary is made up of two phrases: "I want," and "I must have." It matters not to what inconvenience it puts others, their whines must be satisfied.

There are only two other things on earth as selfish as a woman: a baby and a hog.—*One Who Knows Women.*

Wounded Heart Still Unhealed After Twenty Years

CHICAGO, ILL.—I got sore all over again when I read Hugh Fullerton's baseball reminiscence, "The Game of Games." Say, that New York bunch didn't go to the Polo Grounds to see a game of baseball—they went to see a murder, and hoped to see more than one. And yet I've listened to some New Yorkers with brass enough to argue that New York gave Chicago fair play.

That crowd would have liked to see the pitchers of those two teams fight it out with revolvers. A fair fight with revolvers with Christy Mathewson's gun loaded to kill, and Mordecai Brown's gun loaded with blanks.

Yes, the New York bunch was generous—so generous that they'd have given Brown a nice present, just after the gun duel. They'd have put a nice lily in his hand.—*A Fan from Chi.*

That Must Be a Great Help

CHICAGO, ILL.—LIBERTY has greatly helped me with my professional troubles.

It used to be that I only had people coming in about a third of the time. Then I subscribed to LIBERTY, and placed copies of it on my anteroom table. Now, no one comes in, and I have to read the darn magazine myself.—*Dr. E. B.*

Why Do You Hesitate?

CHICAGO, ILL.—It is with horror that I read LIBERTY. It is now the sexiest, trashiest, wickedest, most sin-ridden magazine in the world. If you don't believe me—just start reading your own weekly, and see.

I am happy to say that I am doing my part to help reform this erring world. I am a member of the Anti-Saloon League, the Anti-Light Wines and Beer League, the Anti-Cigarette League, the Anti-Tobacco League, the Anti-Pool Room League, the Anti-Sunday Amusement League, and the Anti-Nudity in Art League.

I warn you that I am seriously thinking of organizing an Anti-LIBERTY WEEKLY League.—*Sarah Pratt.*

How Very Interesting

ST. PAUL, MINN.—It's a relief to find a man who's a hero, but who doesn't continually tell you he's a hero. Tom Eadie is that kind of a man. I thought his "Salvaging Sunken Subs" was great.

After one diving experience I myself quit diving. It was this way: When I was ten years old I got an idea that the only thing I needed to put on a big diving act in the ole swimming hole was a three-foot length of rubber tubing. One day, when the gang had gathered, I handed one end of the tube to my chum, put the other end in my mouth—and submerged.

There were just two things that prevented my act from being a success. One was, I hadn't realized that the pressure of the water would make it almost impossible to breathe. The other was that what little breathing I did do was considerably interfered with by my chum. He stuck the upper end of the tube under the water! Since then I've read about divers, but haven't imitated them.—*"Red" Roberts.*

In the U. S. A., Paul, He Has to Know Plenty

MONTREAL, CAN.—Miss Maude Parker in "Crime Passionnel," wrote the following: "If he had been without strength of character he would probably now have been a clerk in a drug store." Well, Miss Author, I bet you haven't had to go through a classical course for your B. A. and then five more years of university.

Next time your doctor calls, go and

Pop

give your prescription to a lawyer. You might get arsenic instead of boracic.

No, Miss—everybody to his own livelihood. Do not snub the drug clerk. He knows a few things.—*Paul Despardins—Druggist.*

But the V. P. Knockers Are Having a Lot of Fun

OMAHA, NEB.—Oh, my sainted aunt! What do Vox Pop knockers expect for a nickel? Tell 'em, Big Boy, if they don't like your peaches to stop shaking your tree. That's that.—*Nebraska Reader.*

Idea by Dottie

CHICAGO, ILL.—Did you ever in your whole life read about a meaner man than that Ambrose Minstrel (ugh!) in that story, "Fool Errant," by Patricia Wentworth? Hugo is such a darling boy, and then to have Minstrel talking to him

just like he was dirt underfoot. It makes me just wild.

I'm deadly afraid Minstrel isn't going to get his come-uppance, in the end. Do you know what I'd like to see Hugo do? I'd like to see him fix up a post and a pulley, and get hold of a length of rope, and hang old man Minstrel up by his heels, to cool.

And then bring on a frisky puppy to have some fun with the old devil's beard. —*Dottie S.*

Crime Note from Topeka

TOPEKA, KAN.—In LIBERTY there was a story by Inez Haynes Irwin entitled "Street Episode." It was a good short story of its kind, but I want to take issue with this lady who wrote it. She had a young woman go to a man's room and thereby throw the onus, or burden of proof, on him. In this the writer was all wrong.

When a woman goes to a man's room, the burden of proof is on her, and not on him, but when he goes to her room, then the onus is on him.

This sort of thing would never be pulled off the way the author has written it, but it has been done, and is being done in the way I have stated above.

If the girl in the story had enticed the man to take her to her room, and be in there when her supposed husband came in, then they would have had the goods on him. In this form it is known as the old "badger game." But the other way around it could never be worked.—*M. C. King.*

Two Reasons for Stopping "The Red Napoleon"

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—It does seem that the interests of good will and charity would induce you to discontinue the publication of such stuff as "The Red Napoleon," by Floyd Gibbons. There is certainly enough of the spirit of distrust, international suspicion, and misunderstanding in the world today, without fabricating an hypothetical war of the races.—*Edgar L. Pennington.*

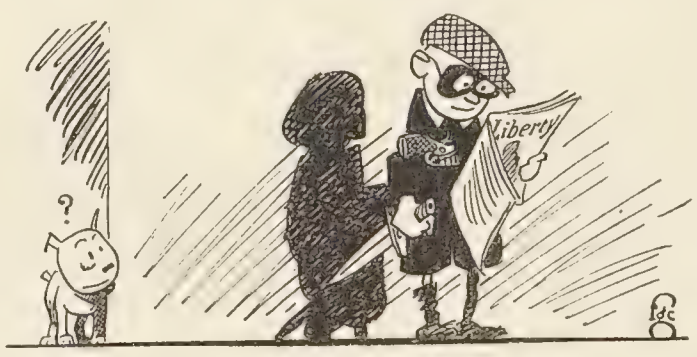
BOSTON, MASS.—"The Red Napoleon" is amazingly real. When I'm reading it, I have the strongest illusion that it all actually happened—that Michael Hainisch, the president of Austria, was actually shot, that D'Annunzio actually lost his life in an air raid on Vienna, and that America was actually threatened with conquest.

Then, when I put LIBERTY down, and get ready for bed, it's actually a wrench to readjust myself to things as they are, and to realize, with relief, that, indubitably and undeniably, *there isn't any Karakhan!*

Talk about a graphic piece of work!—*M. Davis.*

One Must Keep Up with the Times

JACKSON, MICH.—Your magazine used to be fit for a boy of twelve years old to read because it contained some good sporting article, or the story of some athlete's life. But now, if a boy wants to know how to be a gangster or commit a murder, all that he has to do is to



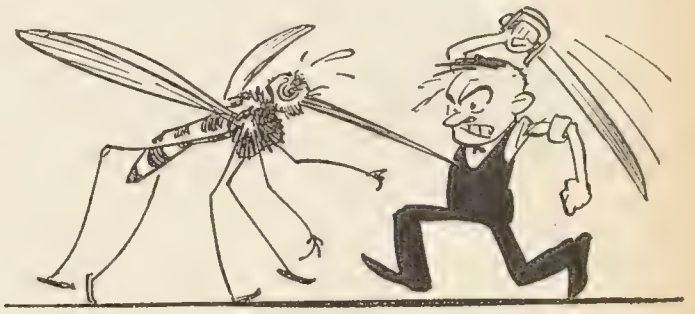
read most of the stories in LIBERTY. Don't forget that the boys of today are the dads of tomorrow.—*Bob Waite.*

All Right

DANBURY, CONN.—For gosh sakes, quit scaring us! I read Harper Leech's article, "The Great War Against Bugs," and soaked up a lot of information about how bugs may lick humanity and inherit the earth. Then I turned out the light and went to bed and dreamed I was in a battle to the death with a great big he-mosquito.

Some insect! He must have stood six feet high, and we were fencing for an opening—he with his long beak, and I with my sword.

And then the scene changed, and I was



fighting an army of boll weevils. As I said before—quit it!—*F. Johnson.*

Try to Write a Heading for These Without Offending Somebody

MOBILE, ALA.—Fred MacIsaac's story, "The Sole Survivor," was the best I have read in months. It was excellent, brother, excellent, with a laugh a minute. Perhaps I enjoyed it so thoroughly because I think I have the same prejudices that Bill Doggett had.

Too bad, though, it had to end in marriage. I would have enjoyed it even more (if possible) had Mr. MacIsaac been able to find a different solution to Bill's problem. Here's hoping all of us are not driven to married servitude as an escape from loneliness when all the boys get "hooked up."—*A Liberty Advocate.*

PATERSON, N. J.—My heartfelt thanks to Fred MacIsaac, the author of "The Sole Survivor," for so correctly expressing the viewpoints of the modern young men and women. The average young man of today goes about in constant dread that some scheming young female will make a meal ticket out of him, when nine times out of ten it is she who must go out and bring home the bacon, and then cook it, too.

It just makes me red-headed to hear the conceited windbags blowing about their freedom when I know for a fact they are just crazy to find someone who would put up with their hot air.

The girls are just as bad with their cutting remarks and sarcastic allusions to marriage. They should sacrifice their independence, their good times, for a wedding ring! Not they. They should smile—and how they do—such a sour smile, while way down deep they just ache to baby some big husky six-footer. Gee whiz, I ought to know, for I am just a sarcastic, scoffing, "broad-minded"—*Bachelor Girl of Twenty-two.*

She came down to the little group around the table with something that passed easily enough for composure.

The Second-Hand Dress

A Story of the Ways of Women

By

Mabel McElliott Clarke

Pictures by Edward Ryan

"I LIKE you, awfully," said the deep voice. "I want you to come down to my sister's place for the week-end. Westways. You'll love it. I want them to know you, all of them."

It was as simple as that!

Kathleen Devlin's hand, the hand that held the cheap stenographer's notebook, trembled a little. But she lifted her sweet, gentian-blue eyes to the man, and she said bravely:

"I'd like to come—if you want me."

It had been coming for months, and, even now, she didn't really believe it could be true. That this man, who had been every place and had seen everything, was actually coming to care for her, seemed too wonderful to credit. Frightening enough it was that he was many times a millionaire, owner of this office she worked in, indeed of the very building in which the office was housed.

And yet, she thought, no one could be *afraid* of Mr. Jim. If you called him by his full name, which was James Oliver Dyckman Van Schroon, of course, *that* was a bit terrifying.

But the man himself—six feet of slim, broad-shouldered good looks—why, he seemed—well, "just a darling." Miss Devlin had called him that the first day she had seen him. He had been, then, just back from Nigeria. He had come into the offices of Van Schroon, Wragg & Co. in Dey Street to sign some papers. And before he'd got away, young Mr. Wragg had fallen ill and he had stayed on to look after things during May. Meantime, he had met Kathleen Devlin and business looked interesting to him for the first time in his life.

You know all about the Van Schroons. There are so many of them in and about New York that it is impossible for a rotogravure editor to make up his weekly section without having the face of some member of the family on one of his pages.

The family plot in a Staten Island cemetery boasts mounds where Van Schroons were buried as early as 1683. There is usually an ambassador or two on the Van Schroon list, and when a death occurs now in the family, cables are dispatched to a princess in Italy, a minor countess in Vienna, and a duchess in Mayfair.

There had been Devlins in County Kerry further back than 1683, but the one who sired Kathleen was a police sergeant in Bay Ridge, which is a part of Brooklyn looking straight across at Staten Island where the Van Schroons were proud to be buried. More than a million miles of social distinction lay between, and didn't Kathleen know it? That was why she hadn't known "what to make of it" when J. O. D. Van Schroon asked her out to lunch the first time. Because Kathleen didn't believe in villains, even though she'd been brought up on the movies, she'd gone.

The lunch had been rather wonderful, an experience in itself to the girl who made thirty dollars a week and turned twenty of it over to Mama regularly on Saturday afternoon. She'd never tasted lobster thermidor before, nor crepes suzette. Nobody has ever made a note of

the menu at Cinderella's first ball, but I am willing to wager that there was strawberry mousse and angel cake and other things Ella of the Cinders never had before sampled. One of the reasons why she found her first party so wonderful. And thus, also, Kathleen.

"We'll do it again, some time," he'd assured her, lightly, as he lifted his hat to her at the elevator. (He was going out for an afternoon of polo.) And she had said, on exactly the right note, that that would be fun. It was as simple as that!

But then, of course, such affairs seldom stand still. Kathleen's mother had taken the three younger children and gone to visit her sister Josie, who had a shack in the sand hills on the wrong side of Southampton. Later, Dad himself, who had been laid up all spring with rheumatism, followed. Kathleen lived quite by herself in the shabby little frame house during the week, and went down to the cluttered, noisy household on Saturdays. It fell out that she and young Van Schroon saw a great deal of each other that summer. There were always the roofs—the Bossert, crystal cool and high, the pleasant unfashionableness of the Pennsylvania, and once the Ritz. It was at the Ritz that Kathleen, starrily pretty in a $12.95 printed chiffon, met Mrs. Pantaleon Wragg.

Mrs. Wragg said in her beautiful mellifluous voice that she believed Miss Devlin knew Eddie, and this was Miss Chittering.

SHE and young Van Schroon were returning to their table from the dancing floor when a dark, perfect person in café au lait intercepted them. With her was an erect Britisher whose name sounded vaguely to Kathleen like Sir Edward Fitzgerald. But she dismissed the notion as fantastic. You just didn't meet people like that. The woman was Mr. Jim's sister, Mrs. Pantaleon Wragg. She was cool, languid, appraising. She spoke another language. All at once Kathleen knew herself to be a raw twenty-one, poor and untutored, and a dark desolation entered her heart.

Then, the next day—this. Out of a clear sky. "I want you to come down . . . Westways . . . You'll love it."

Oh, the thrumming in her blood, the hammering of young pulse and heart. He wanted her. The words sang themselves over and over again. It was a beautiful, a shimmering unreality. She would suffer; oh, undoubtedly, all those proud, chill people down at Westways would see that she *did* suffer for her effrontery in playing with the golden young man. But she would go, anyway— She would try to do him credit, make him proud of her—

. . . . .

"Is there—is there any place where things can be tried on?" Kathleen Devlin wanted to know, timidly. Nellie Moore had told her about the rummage shop and the wonderful bargains to be had there. But Nellie hadn't mentioned the nosiness and the generally suspicious air of the woman in charge. Kathleen felt as if the woman had expected her to steal instead of to buy. It was discouraging. And all at once she felt a furious distaste for herself, poverty, her expedition, and the injustice of things in general. Everything hanging about was dingy, discouragingly tawdry. Oh, well, if she couldn't afford to buy a decent evening dress for the party which had seemed, in prospect, marvelous, she had better stay at home!

But the intimidating woman in charge, all at once, was translated into a human being and was exhibiting a screen behind which one might try on the dozen disheveled frocks hanging limply on a rod. And, making a lightning pass at some boxes under the counter, she produced magically two or three swathes of tissue and the announcement: "Here's two dresses came in just this morning. I was keeping them put away, they soil so easy."

Kathleen looked. Almost she gasped. The first frock unfolded was a pearl-pale sheath of dull satin, guiltless of the beads and gauds so notable on the dresses in the rack.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

An artist had wielded scissors when that satin was cut, and it had come 3,000 miles to be worn by Kathleen Devlin.

[THE SECOND-HAND DRESS
Continued from page fifty-three]

There was the label of a French dressmaker sewed on a fold of the accompanying slip. "Fifteen dollars, and never been worn," asserted the woman glibly. "Well, maybe oncet or twicet, at Mee-amm-ee, or somewhere. I'd say it was about a sixteen, your size."

If calla lilies wore an off-white complexion, almost a pearly beige tone, Kathleen would have resembled one. Her blue office dress discarded, she stood before a stingy mirror admiring the diabolically clever drapery over her innocent hips, the deliberate ingenuousness of the decolletage. An artist had wielded scissors when that satin was cut, and it had come 3,000 miles to be worn by Kathleen Devlin, who had only fifteen dollars to spend.

"IT'S lovely. I'll take it," she stammered, slipping reverently out of its folds. "An' just come from the cleaner's, anyway, even if the lady had it on the oncet," chanted the rummage-shop keeper. She flipped it neatly into a square of brown paper and handed it over in exchange for Kathleen's three limp five-dollar bills. Then, all at once, she was out in the August sunshine of Thirty-fourth Street, her treasure in her hand.

She knew discouragement before the day was over, though. Her gilt slippers came back from the cleaner's with a sad scratch on one heel, and when she ironed the skirt of her canary-colored sports suit, she scorched it the least little bit, from sheer nervousness.

If there had been, at that late hour, the least chance of telephoning young Mr. Van Schroon and begging off from the party, she would have done it. She even made a half-hearted attempt, staring through space at the dust under the golden oak table in the deserted dining room of the Devlin manse, to reach him by phone . . . plead a headache, anything. Yes, at the very last, she had a fit of sheer panic. She couldn't go down there, face all those people. Then, suddenly, she straightened, looked down at the picture of Mama and the girls, Pat and Rose and Stella. "We're as good as them, as anybody," she whispered defiantly. And went off to pack. So, when the Lancia came for her at 4, she was ready.

CURIOUSLY enough, or at least it seemed curious to Kathleen, there was no one to meet her at Westways. A man took her bags and led her into the cool of the big center hall. Mrs. Pantaleon Wragg affected the earliest American type of furnishing, so the house was really not fearfully intimidating. Indeed, there was a reassuring bareness about its pine paneling and hook rugs, although the space, the shining order, and the coolness were new and strange to the young girl.

Everywhere there was the massed luxury of flowers, great spikes of delphinium, roses in silver bowls on window ledge and table. Kathleen, chill with stage fright, followed a dovelike maid to a room all frilled chintz and priceless old maple. "Mrs. Wragg's in the garden, if Miss Devlin will join her there," parroted the maid.

Poor Mama! thought Kathleen, going primly down the steps of the terrace. Wouldn't she think it was a fine way to greet a guest, letting her find her way around by herself this way! At the little house in Bay Ridge there was more ceremony than this. When you came to see the Devlins, they made you feel "at home." Kathleen liked their way better than she did the Westways custom.

Yet, she came down to the little group around the tea table with something that passed easily enough for composure. Mrs. Wragg gave her a hand weighted with rings, and said in her beautiful mellifluous voice that she believed Miss Devlin knew Eddie, and this was Miss Chittering. Kathleen found herself gripping Sir Edward Fitzgerald's hand as if he were a very old and valued friend. Men *were* nicer than women, no matter what the good sisters had said at the convent. This man, anyway, was nicer than that golden girl who eyed her with such languid malice. And where was Mr. Jim? Why wasn't he there to rescue her? She was thoroughly frightened.

Mrs. Wragg was explaining. "Jim was *so* sorry he couldn't manage to be here for tea. There was some stupid telephone call . . . I don't know. He'll be

along presently." And Kathleen had a sudden, shrewd suspicion that the errand had been cleverly arranged by some off-scene stage manager who had wished her to endure the discomfiture of an unattended arrival.

She sipped her tea with all the composure she could muster and hoped her scorched skirt hadn't been noticed. And she lifted her black Irish head with its coronal of little curls and a glitter as of steel came into her gentian eyes as Mrs. Wragg probed gently, this way and that, into the mists she seemed to think surrounded Kathleen's identity.

"I'm in your brother's office," she found herself saying with soft deliberation. "I thought you knew." And the big Britisher looked across at her with admiration in his eyes, she was so young and pretty, so badgered and alone. He'd a notion that young Jim needed a hiding, leaving the girl to fight this battle by herself. "Here he comes now," murmured Kathleen in a breath of relief that was oddly like a sob.

"YOU weren't on the three forty, then?" he exclaimed, crowding both her small hands in one of his big fists. "Wasn't it you, Lois, who got some sort of telephone call? She thought you hadn't understood about the car, and were coming on the train instead."

"It doesn't matter," Kathleen murmured, relieved. Mrs. Wragg murmured something about its having been the Vance girls who'd called. Lois never really listened to names; she didn't know why Bates had called her to the telephone, anyhow. It was awfully stupid, all round. Would Jim forgive them? She knew Miss Devlin would, because it hadn't mattered, really. And she proceeded to engage her brother in a heated argument about some man she called "The Whip at Crow's Nest." Kathleen tried to look intelligent, interested. She did the best she could, being hopelessly out of it all.

Some other people had come in for tea. Nobody bothered to introduce her and several girls, shrill, lath-like, exquisitely careless young things, stared at her rudely.

Why had she come, anyway? she thought five minutes later when Jim's sister, by the deftest of maneuvers, had switched him over to Lois Chittering. Fitzgerald volunteered to show Kathleen the pool. "Look here. that's my turn," Jim had muttered uncomfortably, but Lois had put an exquisite hand on his sleeve and had murmured something, and Kathleen had found herself shunted off again. Why ever had she come? She only wished she was back in the shabby little gray house, where she might cry her eyes out and be peacefully miserable.

It was true, then, that love made you wretched instead of happy. Especially when you were such a fool as to fall in love with a man so desperately far above you that loving him

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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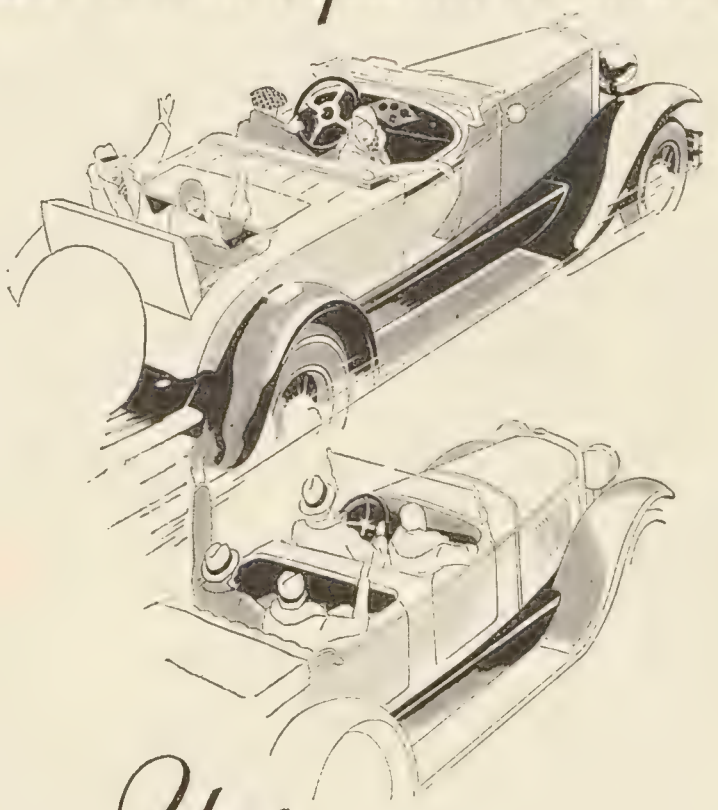

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NEXT WEEK!

[THE SECOND-HAND DRESS
Continued from page fifty-five]

was like reaching for the pole star. A fool, too, she'd been to imagine that asking her out here meant something. Why, she was just a sideshow in a circus, some queer creature to be looked at as if in a zoo. A real curiosity. A stenographer from Bay Ridge at Westways.

"I'm going home," she said to the astonished man at her side. Mrs. Wragg had joined a group of gay revelers at the water's edge. "Please, please, take me to the station. I've got to get out of this."

"You stick it out," advised that nice British masculine voice, while very real admiration shone out of brown eyes. "Don't let them get your wind up. They're nice people, really, deep down. Not very mannerly, I'll admit. But you stick it out. Show 'em."

. . . . . .

"THE cocktails," announced Lois Chittering solemnly, "are simply swell." She was a golden flower with a brown corolla of tulle, and anyone who cared to might have counted her vertebræ, though the front view of her bodice was most decorous.

"I think Jim's mixtures are appalling, myself," said Mildred Wragg mellifluously. "But what about his girl friend? Really, the child's not bad. I'm almost sorry I let you persuade me into this silly plot to show her up. It's fantastic, like something out of Hollywood."

"It's a perfectly swell plot," said the Chittering girl icily. "You said yourself we couldn't let Jim go to an outsider, and that happens, my darling, oftener than we like to admit. There was Schuy Doane last year and that dress model. I've seen nothing of Jim all summer. It looked serious. And this is old stuff, I admit, but it'll work. Jim can't help seeing she won't fit. She's too gauche to live."

"She's very pretty," said Mrs. Wragg, on a flute note.

"Oh—pretty!" mocked the Chittering girl. She waved the shaker before Pantaleon Wragg and said again, singsong, "These cocktails are simply swell!"

"Pan, you've not met Miss Devlin," interposed his wife hastily at that moment. And she thought, lightning-quick: *She's like something painted by Lavery. How marvelously that pale cream stuff suits her, and how too divinely it's made. Now, how could a really poor girl achieve that? Not to be thought of!*

Pan Wragg, who had known Kathleen Devlin ever since she'd come, a timid eighteen-year-old typist, into the office three years before, was gravely courteous. He had heard of young Van Schroon's infatuation, but he hadn't known, until this minute, the girl was so exquisite. She was pearl pale; the lashes quivering over those great blue eyes seemed almost to be freighted with tears. He felt an impulse to be kind to this stranger in a very strange land.

"Jim will be down in a moment," he told her gently. "Come away from these hoodlums; let me show you my roses."

KATHLEEN was so grateful to him . . . there were half a dozen other people she had not met on the terrace, and all of them looked so smart, so terrifyingly complete and inaccessible. She hadn't missed the gleam in Lois Chittering's eye as she came in in her love of a dress. There was more than malice that time, there was real hatred, malevolent purpose. What was it all about? wondered Kathleen a little wildly.

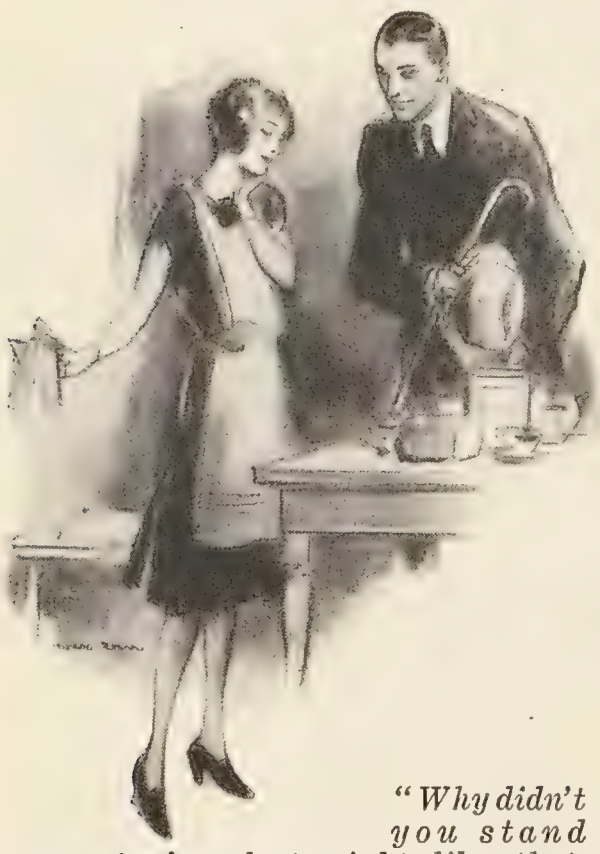
She forgot all about the other girl's stare a moment later when young Van Schroon sought her on the flagged walk. There was the heady sweetness of honeysuckle in the air. Far off, in the gray-blue of the sky over the Sound, came the whir of man-made wings. She forgot the rowdy group around the cocktails, the impalpable menace in the other girl's glance, as young Van Schroon came toward her. Suddenly she felt that all these things mattered very little. He was her love, and it was midsummer, and some benevolent fate had thrown them together. It was beautiful to be young and desired.

She gave him her small, capable hand and looked up at him. There was trust in that look, and the kind of selfless love even rich men seldom know in a lifetime. "Let's

cut and run out of this racket," the man said, looking down at her in troubled fashion. "Lois Chittering's making a deuce of a row inside. *I* don't know what it's all about, but I don't like it. Let's get my car and go off for dinner some place."

"Row?" said Kathleen Devlin. "What about?"

"Oh, she's doddering on about some dress or other," muttered the man uncomfortably. And, unwillingly, his eyes took in the pearly-rose perfection of that frock of Kathleen's, the perfect frock in which she'd expected to be so happy.



"Why didn't you stand up to 'em last night like that, Kitty?" he wanted to know.

"Th-this one?" stammered the girl. "Not this?"

"I'm afraid the very thing," announced the man. "She's pretty foggy right now, what with Pan's dividends, but she has some kind of frantic yen for this dress you've got on. Even says it's hers."

"Oh! Oh!" Startling as a scream almost were those gasps of Kathleen Devlin's. Now she knew she had been right in feeling distaste for that tremulous expedition of hers to the rummage shop. It *was* shameful to be abroad in cast-off finery. It would have been better by far to have worn her shabby old black lace. She felt she would rather die than face that assembled company. Her cheeks flamed.

"Of course, I know she's simply off her head!" cried young James Oliver Van Schroon. "She says that a dress like this was made for her by Yvonne Davidson in Paris, and that it has been hanging in her closet here all week. I know she's slightly cuckoo, and that's that. Let's go in and tell her so, and then blow."

Swiftly across Kathleen's bewildered brain flashed some of the things Nellie Moore had told her about the rummage shop. "Society women give their things to their maids to sell," Nellie had said. "It is a good graft. They take all they're given, and sometimes sneak in a few their mistresses are not finished with. . . ."

THIS, then, explained the presence of her dream frock in that dingy shop under the El. Her heart was stone in her breast.

"It's all true, probably," she said stonily. "No—I can't explain. I won't, anyhow. I'd no business to come, in the first place. It's all wrong. Don't—don't touch me. I can't bear it."

Fitzgerald came to the French doors and said, "Sorry to interrupt, old man, but dinner's announced and Miss Chittering's been carted off with the heebies, as Pan calls them. She's got a touch of sun, I'd say."

"Coming?" Jim Van Schroon said anxiously to the stony-faced nymph in the half dusk. "In a moment," Kathleen Devlin told him. But she detained the other man. "I'll be along," she promised. "Go in, your sister's waiting."

To the Englishman she said, half frantic in haste, "Have you a car here? Would you do something—something tremendous for me?"

He said there was nothing on earth to prevent him. What was it?

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Balance your Breakfast ... to Prevent ACIDOSIS

TYPICAL American breakfasts consist largely of good but acid-forming foods (cereals, toast, muffins, waffles, hot cakes, bacon, ham and eggs). Fresh fruit, to balance them, is usually served but not always—and often the serving is unfortunately small.

Men are very much inclined to eat a heavy breakfast consisting largely of acid-forming foods, while women eat little or no breakfast. One practice is as bad as the other. On the one hand an Acidosis develops from the *over-consumption of acid-forming foods.* In the latter case an Acidosis results because from lack of food *the body is forced to burn its own tissue.*

Adequate breakfasts, properly balanced, are necessary for every man, woman and child.

The greater part of the day's work is done in the morning—in school, professional work or business. Every person should, therefore, be in the best physical and mental condition.

You cannot hope to do this if you have started the day with no food or the wrong kind of food. Breakfast is the most important meal but it must be properly balanced particularly in regard to the acid-base balance principle. A glass of California Sunkist Orange Juice in addition to the breakfast fruit and the liberal use of jellies and jams are means of balancing the other constituents of the meal. Such a breakfast will prevent the eleven o'clock headache and stimulate your best efforts. You will be able to think more clearly, work faster and accomplish more. The benefits of a "flying start" will tell all day. California Sunkist Orange Juice again in the forenoon, Sunkist Lemonade with lunch and another glass of Orange Juice about 3:30 or 4 p. m. will work health wonders!

Lack of ambition, pep and endurance can be traced to a faulty diet with a condition of Acidosis present. Acidosis causes such minor ailments as headaches, lassitude, loss of appetite and often the "cross disposition." A long continued Acidosis condition may cause many more serious ailments as the body is constantly fighting to counteract the effects of a too-acid diet. If your case is abnormal, consult your physician at once.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods" is a free booklet on Acidosis which has had the entire approval of a medical authority. It not only discusses Acidosis in its various forms but gives suggested menus for both normal and Safe Reducing diets. Send for this booklet with its many suggestions for breakfast menus balanced to prevent Acidosis.

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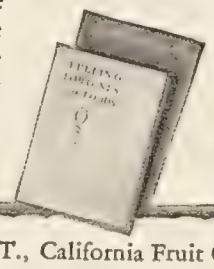

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[THE SECOND-HAND DRESS
Continued from page fifty-seven]

"It's—oh, it's awful to ask you, but would you help me to get straight away now?" pleaded Kathleen. "Something's happened. I can't stay, honestly. This afternoon, yes, that was just stage fright. But, now, oh—this is important. Please do. I must get home. I can send for my things."

As she had come into Westways without welcome, so she left without farewells. The big Englishman gave her a coat and they whipped down the roads past Roslyn, and into the bottle-neck highways that led to Brooklyn and Bay Ridge. It was very late when the big car panted into the Devlins' quiet street. Kathleen at last spoke. "I'll never forget it," she promised solemnly. "Your kindness. God bless you."

And before she was up the stairs she had dissolved in tears.

It was 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, and Kathleen Devlin was getting ready for early church. She had a white apron on over her thin printed silk, and she was making coffee. Between trips to the pantry, she sniffed a little as one does who has been weeping softly all night long. Oh, lucky girl, to weep all night long and still have eyes like stars in the sky!

She saw life stretching out as a barren waste before her, a Gobi Desert of shame and reproach. Job gone (for, of course, she never could go back to Van Schroon, Wragg & Co. now). Dreams gone, and for the moment, at least, self-respect along with them! It was terribly hard. She hoped, sometime, maybe when she was fifty or sixty, she would forget the ways of young Mr. Jim Van Schroon, the way his hair grew, the deep sound his voice made when he spoke to her, the look in his eyes. Maybe, when she was very old, she would forget.

THERE was a tap at the screen door. Probably the paper boy. Kathleen went, and through the thin barrier looked into the brown face of the man who had been occupying her thoughts.

"I can't let you in, this kitchen's in a horrible state," murmured a confused Kathleen.

"Only a cup of coffee, lady," pleaded the heir to the Van Schroon estates. The lady melted. She opened the door.

"You'd no business coming after me," she flamed after a minute. "I didn't want to see you again. You and your . . . Do you know," she said after a breathless minute, "I was thinking it over last night, and my people owned land in Kerry when yours had only a horseshoeing shop in Staten Island. I," she announced fiercely, "know all about the Van Schroons' family tree. Your father had me copy the whole of it the first year I worked in the office."

The man shouted in delight. "Why didn't you stand up to 'em last night like that, Kitty, instead of running away?" he wanted to know. "Nice, having to chase my girl all over the countryside to brand her with this." And he produced a ring with a setting so dazzling that Kathleen shut her eyes because she didn't believe it could be real.

"Millie wrung it all out of Lois' maid," he went on. "She'd taken the dress to the rummage shop the day before. Not," he hastened to add, "that any of us believed her wild stuff about your snagging it. That's *Lois,*" he said with healthy contempt. "There was nothing to be ashamed of, darling," he pursued. "Why didn't you tell me where you got the cursed dress? It would have made things simpler, at least.

"We'll go to Paris on a blooming honeymoon and have that woman make you a dozen frocks, all alike. I never want to see you in another. It was perfect."

"I can't marry you," protested Kathleen Devlin, winking at the spotlight on her hand. "Everybody'll say you got me at a rummage shop. I don't match anything you've got, and I'm cheap."

"You are the very dearest thing in all the world," said young Van Schroon gravely. And when he tipped her mouth up for his kiss, Kathleen blessed the second-hand dress.

THE END

Fashions in Faces

By Eileen Bourne

Picture by W. T. Benda

There is a craze for transforming a pink and white complexion to duskier tones.

NOT since the early bobbed-hair era, when homes stood divided on "mother's folly" and daughters were threatened with the door for sins committed with shears and neck shavers, has the beauty world been so stirred as with the current epidemic under which fair Nordic skins turn Latin, Ethiopian, or Red Indian overnight.

The craze for transforming yesterday's pink and white complexion to yellower, ruddier, duskier tones has been called our new color problem.

Tropical tans, sunburn reds, and tones that run the gamut from pale yellow to molasses brown, for which neither beach, shore, nor sun may be blamed by our average town or city dweller, intensify the confusion with which the new color problem is met.

It may be said that the oft-heard wish for a brand-new face comes closer to being a reality with this new complexion scheme than with any heretofore offered. You may lunch one day as a peaches and cream blonde, and the next sally forth as one of those astonishing Italian beauties with burnt-almond skin and fair hair.

For breakfast you might wear the gardenia skin your Titian locks are accustomed to. For dinner the same night you could very well look as though you'd spent three days adrift on a sea-blown raft with benefit of blazing sun and high wind, although we doubt the wisdom of this color theft for a redhead. It serves, however, to illustrate the infinite capacity for lifting a new face to the world by help of sun and tan oils, foundation creams, powders, and sun-ray lamps.

In spite of zealous saleswomen who assure you that age, lines (dress and face), and natural coloring have nothing to do with the case, you might beneficially cling to a few of your native prejudices. Some of those who have scattered conservatism to the four winds have succeeded in substituting grotesquerie for their former charm of face. On the other hand, some have succeeded in getting an effect that is stunning.

The idea behind the dusky craze is good. It is a worshipful gesture in the direction of the sun god. The importance of sunlight as a factor in the maintenance and development of health was well known to the ancients. Our present-day medical advisers are incorporating sun cures more and more into their prescriptions for varying ailments. If special sun lamps greet you everywhere, in health and beauty parlors, in homes and in sanitariums, it is not surprising. Being able to snap your sun god on or off with a switch has a wide appeal to a people house and office bound as most of us are. Special appeal, therefore, would the ultra-violet ray treatments have to women who could be promised the tanned or ruddy look of health along with health itself.

A word of caution needs to be inserted against the promiscuous use of sun lamps. In our more reliable shops a physician is at hand to determine the amount of heat that may safely be applied. It is claimed that, under proper guidance, tanning to the desired shade is successfully accomplished without the freckle complication experienced from an outdoor sun. But the outdoor sunning still retains first favor with the intelligently minded.

A test was made at Johns Hopkins University which proved that two minutes of outdoor sun at noon contributed more health-giving rays than could be obtained the entire day in rooms from which windows were taken out to admit all rays possible. And it is claimed for golf and other outdoor activities that the sun's rays, more than the muscular activity, are the health-giving factors.

But if you want to fake your tan, beauty-product manufacturers are thoroughly prepared to meet you with powder and ointment. If you cannot have an expert try out several combinations, you will have to do some experimenting on your own. It's one of those fads that, if taken up, ought to be done with utmost cleverness.

The foundation creams come in several depths of color. One works up to an almost Indian red. An ocher powder on top of that might produce a make-up entirely too dark. Another powder might produce a yellow look that never became any woman. A Rachel powder dusted over the coloring cream or a fairly strong pink might induce a natural looking glow. But, of course, this mixing of foundation cream and powder is something you must work out individually. Then the new color problem calls for a watchful eye around the hairline so that the dark make-up will not suddenly break off. The areas under the jaw and front and back of the neck must all be treated as kin in tone to the face.

There are oils for which some manufacturers claim exemption from dress staining when applied to arms and back, but the general consensus is that unquestioned safety lies with the liquid powders of your preferred shades. Then there are oils to apply to the skin before exposure that promise a quicker, healthier tan.

At this writing it cannot be predicted if the Palm Beach stockingless fad will be extended to our summer. If so, the tan coating must substitute for chiffon hose.

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FOOL ERRANT

Hugo Turns from Happiness to Danger

in a New Episode of the Serial

By

PATRICIA WENTWORTH

"Look here, Hélène, business is business. If you're using this young ass to make me jealous, it's a fool's trick."

HÉLÈNE DE LARA was a woman with allure—and no principles. She was helping two men in a plot intended to stamp Hugo Ross as a thief. The men were her neighbors: Ambrose Minstrel, a great inventor, and Hacker, his assistant.

Hugo was Minstrel's secretary. His stutter and his hesitant manner had convinced both men that he was a fool. They would have been amazed to learn that he had a fairly clear idea of their intentions toward him—and toward England.

Mr. Benbow Smith of the Foreign Office had thrown a light, for Hugo, on all the queer happenings at Meade House, Minstrel's home, and had sent him an interesting long envelope to hold in reserve.

Mr. Smith's theory was that Minstrel intended selling to some foreign power the plans of an invaluable invention he had just completed, certain that he could make it appear that Hugo had stolen and sold them.

Young Ross had got his first word of warning from Loveday Leigh, Hélène's young cousin, just after he had bumped into her in a dark lane beyond Meade House. Later, during a perilous and secret meeting, he learned from her that she had overheard Minstrel and Hacker working out their traitorous plan. Promptly he had fallen in love with her.

In Hacker there was born a suspicion that all was not well—that, through Loveday, Hugo might have discovered too much. So Hélène arranged a trap: a dinner at her house, at which Hugo and Loveday were abruptly thrown together. They stood the test, and allayed Hacker's fears by pretending not to know each other by sight. But Loveday managed to thrust a scrap of paper into Hugo's hand.

He didn't dare examine it until he reached his own room. There, with the blind down, he read:

"Come to the scullery window."

PART NINE

HUGO put out his light and opened the door of his room. There was still a light under Hacker's door. Then, as he looked at it, the door opened and the light went out.

Hugo stepped back and stood still, listening. He heard Hacker cross the landing and go down the stairs; he heard him cross the hall below. He came out on the landing and stood at the head of the stairs, looking over. There was the flash of a torch in the hall, and then the sound of the front door being opened softly. Hacker went out and the door closed behind him.

Hugo went out too, by the back door. He put the key in his pocket and walked back to Torring House. He wondered a good deal whether Hacker was going there, too. It was lighter than it had been, because the moon had risen and the cloudy heavens showed faintly luminous above the black mass of woodland that surrounded the house.

Hugo went along the path which led from the drive to the foot of the terrace steps. The house was just a blur in the dark; the only light came from the veiled, dim sky. He skirted the house cautiously, and crossed the paved yard at the back of it. His outstretched hands touched the wall and he groped along it. Here was a door, and here a window. The scullery window should come next. He reached it and heard the sound, the only just audible sound, of a gasp; then Loveday's voice, faint and shaky:

"Who—who is it?"

"M-m-me," said Hugo.

This time the gasp was louder.

"You've been years and years and years! I thought you weren't coming. And there are black beetles—one

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

ran over my foot. This is an awful place. I'm coming out."

"No—I'll come in. It's safer."

He was considering that, inside, they would hear a step soon enough for him to get away. He climbed in and found Loveday in his arms, cold and shaking.

"Why didn't you come before? A scullery in the middle of the night is a most dreadfully frightening place."

"I couldn't. I couldn't read your message till I got back. I can't stop—it's frightfully dangerous. What's up?"

LOVEDAY rubbed a cold, soft cheek against his.

"Aren't you pleased to see me? Aren't you glad you came?"

Hugo frowned in the dark.

"What's up? Why did you write that message?"

She gave a little whispering laugh.

"I tore a piece out of a revolting French novel of Hélène's. O-oh! *Such* a nasty book!"

"You shouldn't have read it."

"I didn't. I tore a corner off, and I went behind the piano and wrote on it."

"But why?"

"Because I wanted to see you. Don't you want to see me?"

Hugo frowned again. "Do you mean to say—"

She drew back an inch or two.

"How ferocious you sound! Are you going to be ferocious? Because if you are I shall go away. I'm feeling frightfully weak after being trodden on by a black beetle and having to talk to your awful Hacker all the evening."

"I'm not being ferocious. But it's too dangerous."

"Don't you like dangerous things? I do. I was just smothering with dullness—a little more Hacker and I should have been asphyxiated. Isn't it funny his name being James too? Isn't it awful to know two Jameses who are both simply smotheringly dull? I think the Hacker one's the worst, though—because the other one does propose to me, and there's a sort of faint gleam of human interest about being proposed to, even by *James*."

"Loveday, d-do be serious. I mustn't stay—it's much too dangerous. If you haven't got anything to tell me, I must go."

"I'VE got millions of things to tell you."

"Not that sort of thing."

"How d'you know what sort of thing I mean?" She pulled away from him a little.

"I must go," said Hugo.

"All right—go!"

"Loveday!"

"I wish you would go. You're making me feel quite fond of James. *He* never wants to go away when he's talking to me."

"Loveday!"

"*Dear* James!" said Loveday.

Hugo shook her.

"Darling, do stop being such an ass!"

"I'm not!" She disengaged herself and receded somewhere into the darkness. "Why don't you go?"

Hugo was very angry. He put a hand on the wall and a knee on the sink. Loveday could just see him blocking the window.

"Are you going?" The whisper was a little fluttered.

Hugo made no answer. Loveday's voice reached him, defiant but shaky:

"You don't want to hear the really frightfully important thing I've got to tell you?"

He spoke over his shoulder:

"Is there something important—really?"

"Yes, there is." Her voice went off into a faint scream. "Hugo, I've trod on a beetle! It crunched!"

Hugo came back slowly.

"Where are you?"

"Here. O-oh! Hugo, don't go away!" She was holding tightly to his sleeve. "I shall really scream if you go—and I *have* got something to tell you."

"What is it?"

He put his arm round her, but he was still angry. Loveday snuggled up to him.

"I *do* hate you! But black beetles are worse." Then, as he jerked impatiently, "I can't tell you anything unless you keep still—and I *have* got something to tell you."

"What is it?"

She murmured, "I do hate you!" and then went on quickly, "I can't tell you anything while you fidget—and it *is* important. Oh, very well—I am telling you, only you don't *let* me."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page sixty-one]

"Loveday!"

"Pouf!" said Loveday. "Crosspatch!" Then she put her lips against his ear. "It's rather a frightening thing. That's why I don't want to begin—it frightens me."

Hugo patted her.

"Tell me."

"I came down—and it was all dark—and the black beetle trod on me like I told you—and I heard more of them. And when you didn't come, I thought you weren't coming, and I began to go back to my room."

"Yes?"

"I came out of the baize door that shuts off the kitchen part of the house, and I was standing in the back of the hall listening, and not sure whether it would be most frightening to go up the front stairs or up the back. I was afraid the back stairs would creak because of not having any carpet on them."

"Yes?"

Loveday pressed close to him. "Someone came down the front stairs," she whispered.

"Who was it?"

"It was Hélène—but I didn't know it was Hélène then. I sat down on the floor, because my knees went like jelly."

"What happened?"

"Hélène came straight down the hall toward me, and I thought I was going to scream, because I didn't know it was Hélène, and it might have been—anything. O-oh!"

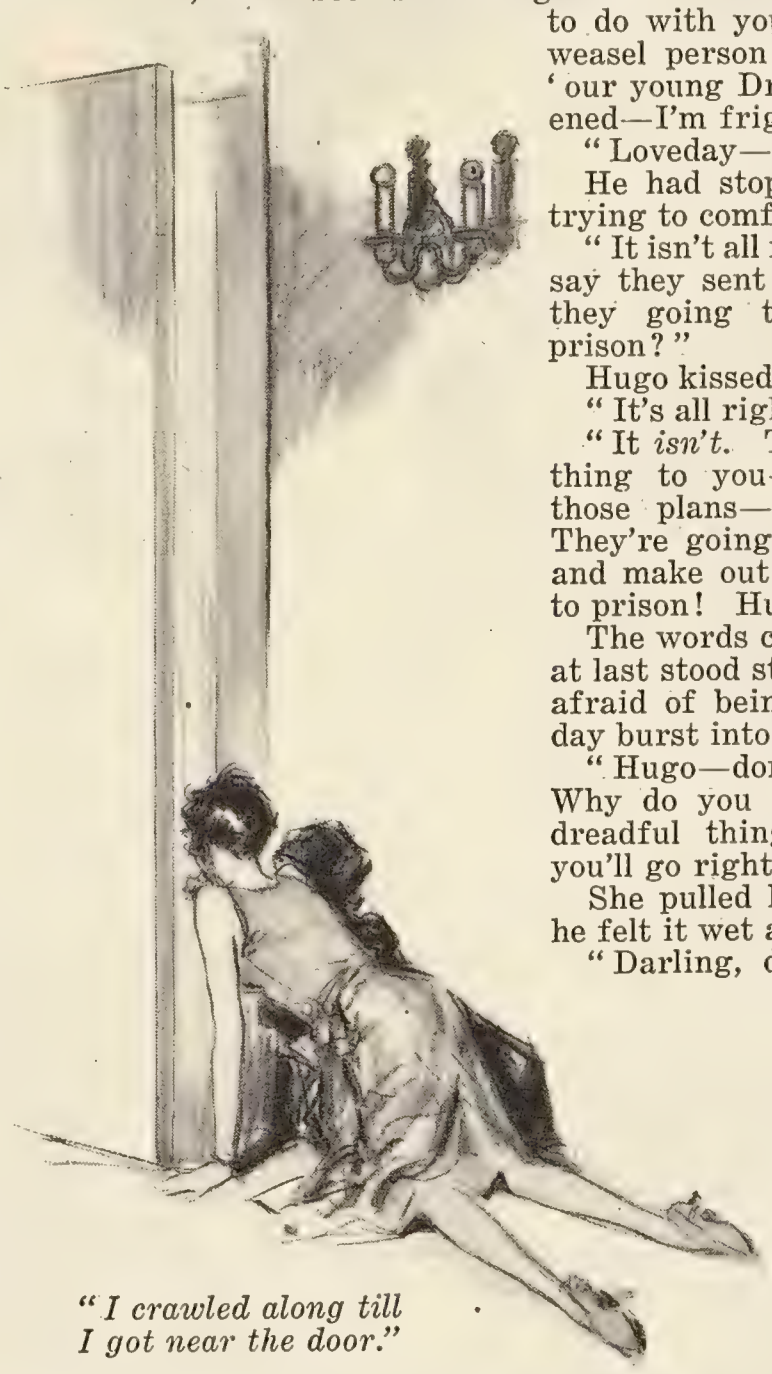
He felt her shiver.

"Go on—you're not telling me."

"I *am*." She shivered again. "She came down, and just when I thought she was going to tread on me, like the black beetle, she opened the door of the study, and there was a light there—that's when I saw it was Hélène—and she spoke to someone—and it was a man."

"Hacker?"

"No, it wasn't. She said, 'Come along—he'll be here in a minute,' and a horrid man like a weasel with red hair came out of the room. And she said, 'Put out the light—I'll guide you,' and the light went out with a snap, and the man said—" She stopped.



"I crawled along till I got near the door."

SHE did not shiver, but pressed close to him, rigid.

"Go on."

"He said, 'Well? How did it go? How is our young Dreyfus?' And Hélène said, 'Poor Hugo!' in the weepy way she's got when she doesn't mean anything; and then they went into her sitting room and put on the light."

"Go on!"

"I hate it!" said Loveday breathlessly. "I hate it frightfully. They went in, and she pushed the door, but it didn't quite shut, and I was so frightened I nearly *died*. And when I'm as frightened as that I just have to do something, because sitting still's worse—so I crawled along till I got near the door. And Hélène said, 'He's coming!' And that frightened me worst of all, because I thought she meant you."

"Who did she mean?"

"She meant that awful Hacker, because she went to the door—the outside one—and she opened it, and someone came in, and she said, 'Well, James—he's here!' And Mr. Hacker said, 'Hullo, Miller!'"

"*Miller!*"

"That's what he said—'Hullo, Miller!'"

"Good Lord!" said Hugo.

"And Hélène said, 'S-sh! The door's open.' And she ran and shut it, so I didn't hear any more. And I thought perhaps you'd had to wait till Mr. Hacker was out of the way, so I came back to the scullery—and then you came."

She began to tremble very much.

"Loveday—don't! What's the matter?"

"I'm frightened. Why am I so frightened? What does it mean? Why did that horrid little red-haired weasel say that? Why did he call you a young Dreyfus? Who was Dreyfus? Do you know?"

"Yes," said Hugo—"my uncle had a book about him." He spoke slowly, reluctantly.

"I knew I'd heard the name before. Who was he? Why does it frighten me? Hugo—tell me—please."

HUGO spoke in a quiet, dry voice:

"He was a French Jew who was sent to penal servitude for selling French military secrets." He felt Loveday give a little gasp. He went on, "He didn't do it, you know. It was a put-up job. He was quite innocent, but he was sent to Devil's Island, and I think he was there about four years. And then there was a most frightfully famous case and the whole thing came out. It was a put-up job, and all sorts of highly placed people were in it."

Loveday clutched him.

"I knew I wouldn't have been so frightened if it hadn't been something horrid. It *is* horrid, and it's something to do with you, because that red-haired weasel person meant you when he said 'our young Dreyfus.' Hugo, I'm frightened—I'm frightened!"

"Loveday—don't! It's all right."

He had stopped being angry; he was trying to comfort her.

"It isn't all right—I know it isn't. You say they sent that man to prison. Are they going to try and send you to prison?"

Hugo kissed her.

"It's all right—it really is."

"It *isn't*. They're trying to do something to you—I know they are. It's those plans—isn't it? I know it is. They're going to steal them themselves, and make out it was you, and send you to prison! Hugo—Hugo!"

The words came slower and slower and at last stood still. It was as if they were afraid of being heard. Suddenly Loveday burst into tears.

"Hugo—don't let them! Go away! Why do you stay here for them to do dreadful things to you? Promise me you'll go right away at once."

She pulled his face down to hers, and he felt it wet and quivering.

"Darling, don't cry—p-p-please don't cry. I c-can't run away."

"Why can't you? What's the use of your staying here?"

"I want to save the plans—I might be able to, you know."

"What does it matter about the wretched old plans? I can't bear it if they hurt you—I *can't*."

Hugo hugged her.

"I won't let them hurt me. And it does matter. I can't tell you about it, but it matters frightfully. It—it matters so much that it would be worth going to prison for if I could save them. But you needn't worry, because I'm not going to prison. You see, I'm well up on them, because they think I'm just an innocent mug who hasn't got a suspicion in the world. I s-say, darling, you were topping this evening—you really were. You did it most awfully well—much better than I did."

Loveday sniffed and began to look for her handkerchief.

"I didn't feel topping—I felt like a melting jelly."

She dabbed her eyes and gave the ghost of a laugh. "You *blushed*."

"That's my modest disposition."

"Why did you? Hélène thought it was because you were struck all of a heap by her. She said so when you'd gone—she made me frightfully angry. Why *did* you?"

"Never mind."

"But I want to know. Was it because of Hélène or—was it because of me?"

"Never m-mind."

She put her cheek against his.

"It might cheer me up a little if you told me. Was it because of me?"

"Yes, it was."

"Did you like my pink dress? Did you think I looked nice? You hadn't ever seen me properly before. Did—you—like me?" She ended on a little sob.

Hugo held her tight and said nothing. She felt his heart beat. They kissed rather breathlessly.

"I must go," said Hugo. He hoped she wouldn't cry again. It was dreadfully difficult to go away and leave her unhappy.

She drew away with a sigh.

"You won't let them hurt you?"

"Of course I won't."

"You're much cleverer than they are—that's one comfort."

Hugo felt immensely fortified.

"It's frightening—but it's exciting, too," said Loveday in the dark. "It's—oh, Hugo, please, *please* don't let them hurt you."

She flung her arms round his neck, gave him two quick kisses, and was gone. He heard her feeling for the door.

"Loveday—you've got to shut the window after me."

There was no answer.

He turned resolutely and climbed out.

After a moment he heard the window shut.

II

INSIDE the little dark close room Loveday groped her way to the door and leaned against it, blind and dizzy with tears.

"Don't—*don't* let them hurt him!" she said.

For about ten minutes she cried as if her heart would break. Hugo was going to be sent to prison—he was going to be led into some horrible trap and sent to prison for years and years and years—and they would never see each other any more. Perhaps Hugo wouldn't come out of prison until he was quite old; and then she, Loveday, would be quite old too, and they would both have gray hair. It was a frightful thought.

It was frightfully difficult to think of Hugo looking old; she simply couldn't imagine him any different from what he was. And then, all of a sudden, she knew that she couldn't imagine him in prison, and she began to feel much better. Why should Hugo go to prison? He wouldn't. "And oh, good gracious me, suppose Hélène goes into my room and finds I'm not there? I must *fly!*"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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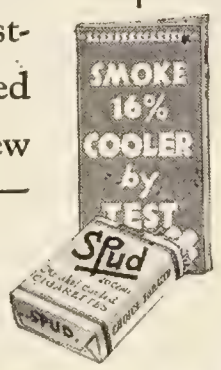

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There will be no cut in LIBERTY'S circulation through the summer. LIBERTY will maintain a summer average of more than 2,000,000 net paid.

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A Weekly for Everybody

"She said, 'Come along—he'll be here in a minute,' and a horrid man like a weasel with red hair came out of the room."

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page sixty-three]

She opened the door and crept through the kitchen and along a dark passage to the baize door which opened on the hall. Here she stopped to listen, pushed the door half an inch, and stopped to listen again. She was just going to open the door wide, when two things happened so quickly that she had no time to think or move.

There was the sound of an opening door; and, very nearly at the same moment, a vertical streak of light hung in the darkness before her. It was so unexpected that she almost cried out before she realized that Hélène's sitting-room door had opened, and that someone had turned on the hall light.

HER heart thumped, and she let the baize door swing back until the line of light was only a thread. She could hear Hélène's voice, and Mr. Miller's voice—and they were coming toward her—they were coming nearer. She gripped the handle so hard that afterward her fingers were stiff. But she could not have moved to save her life.

Through the tiny crack that remained she saw Mr. Miller's face—just the blur of a face in shadow, with red hair sticking up against the light. Mr. Miller made her feel quite sick.

He and Hélène went into the study, and after a moment they came out again. Mr. Miller was carrying a bag. They went back to Hélène's sitting room.

As they went away, Loveday made the crack a little wider by pushing the door. Mr. Miller was going away; he had fetched his bag, and he was going away. Loveday felt unreasonably glad about this. She didn't like Mr. Miller at all, and she thought the house would feel much nicer when he wasn't in it.

She hoped Mr. Hacker had gone too, because then Hélène would go up to her room and the coast would be clear. Of course, she could go up the back stairs. But she didn't want to go up the back stairs; for one thing they creaked, and for another she just didn't like them; there was a black-beetly feeling about them. She thought she would wait here until Hélène went up; and she hoped very much that Hélène wouldn't be long, because she was beginning to feel most dreadfully sleepy—you do when you've been crying a lot. Hélène didn't come.

LOVEDAY found herself waking with a start. She hadn't been asleep—she was sure she hadn't been asleep—but all the same she waked up with a jerk and pushed the door half open. The sound of a man's voice reached her. Mr. Hacker hadn't gone. He was there, in Hélène's sitting room, talking to Hélène. And the sitting-room door was ajar; the hall was dark again, but she could just see the line of light where the door had fallen ajar.

Before Loveday knew what she was going to do, she found herself halfway across the hall with her eyes on the chink of light and her ears straining to catch what Mr. Hacker was saying. She stopped, with caught breath, a yard from the door. If he and Hélène were talking about themselves, she would go away at once; but if they were talking about Hugo, she was going to listen.

She listened, and she heard Mr. Hacker say in a tone of suppressed fury, "If you're going to risk spoiling everything at the last moment—"

Loveday hesitated, waited where she was, and heard Hélène say mournfully, "I think I'd be a good friend to you if I did."

Were they talking about Hugo? She wasn't sure. It was dreadful to listen if they weren't.

Mr. Hacker spoke again:

"Good heavens! Can't you be reasonable?"

And Hélène, with the ghost of a laugh: "I don't feel reasonable."

Then Hacker, roughly:

"You needn't have told me that. Look here, Hélène, business is business. If you're using this young ass to make me jealous, it's a fool's trick. You can play any trick you like when we're not up to our necks in a business deal. This is business, and don't you forget it. If the thing goes well, you'll get two thousand. And if anything goes wrong, you'll be likely to find yourself in Queer Street."

"Someone will hear you if you speak so loud," said Mme. de Lara sweetly.

Mr. Hacker swore.

"Some day you'll get yourself murdered," he said; and Loveday shivered.

She wanted to go away, and she wanted to stay. She wanted to go to sleep and forget all about people like Mr. Hacker and Mr. Miller and Hélène; they made her feel very tired.

Then she heard Hélène laugh gently, and Mr. Hacker said, "Are you going to be reasonable?"

"Are *you* reasonable? You see, it all depends on the point of view. To you it seems reasonable to ruin the poor boy; but to me it does not seem reasonable at all. I ask myself and I ask you—why should not Miller simply take the papers from him? I believe he can pick a pocket very well—he certainly looks as if he could. Let him, then, pick Hugo's pocket, and there we are—he has the plans, we have the money, Ambrose preserves his reputation, and all that anyone can say about our poor Hugo is that he was stupid enough and innocent enough to fall among thieves. To me this seems a perfectly reasonable plan."

Hacker swore again.

"How many times are we to go over the same ground? I tell you Miller won't steal the plans—that is to say, he won't take them unless there's someone else to take the blame. His position is quite simple. He is acting as an agent in a perfectly bona fide transaction—he is buying from Minstrel through Minstrel's secretary. Minstrel's position is quite simple, too. He is selling to government, and his secretary is taking the plans up to hand them over. With Miller and Minstrel both so careful about their reputations, I'm afraid there's nothing for it but to sacrifice your poor Hugo. Minstrel won't sell to Miller openly, and Miller won't put himself on the wrong side of the law—so I'm afraid your poor Hugo must go to the wall."

"He isn't my poor Hugo," said Hélène sadly.

"You'd like him to be."

"Would I? Ah, well, perhaps I would. Perhaps I'm tired of tricks and byways, and all the old stale things that I've hated for years. Perhaps I'd like to be young again. Do you know what that boy was playing on his flute when I went up through the woods?"

"Chuck it!" said Mr. Hacker succinctly.

"He was playing Love's Young Dream," said Hélène with a whispering thrill in her voice. She sang the words over softly as if to herself:

> "New hope may bloom, and days may come,
> Of milder, calmer beam,
> But there's nothing half so sweet in life
> As love's young dream.

"Perhaps I've a fancy to go back into the dream again."

"Come off it!" said Mr. Hacker.

Hélène made a little sound of protest. Her voice changed. "If you go on sneering at me like that, I shall tell him everything," she said.

LOVEDAY remained near the door. She heard Mr. Hacker make an explosive sound of rage, and she heard Hélène give a little gasp as if she was being shaken.

Hélène cried out, and Mr. Hacker said in a hard, matter-of-fact way, "Do you want that two thousand pounds?"

"You hurt me!" said Hélène.

"You want hurting when you talk like that. Besides, what's the good of it with me? You ought to know by now just how much ice all that rotten sentimentality cuts. You can amuse yourself with it as much as you please—but keep it out of business. Do you want the money—or don't you?"

"What a stupid question!"

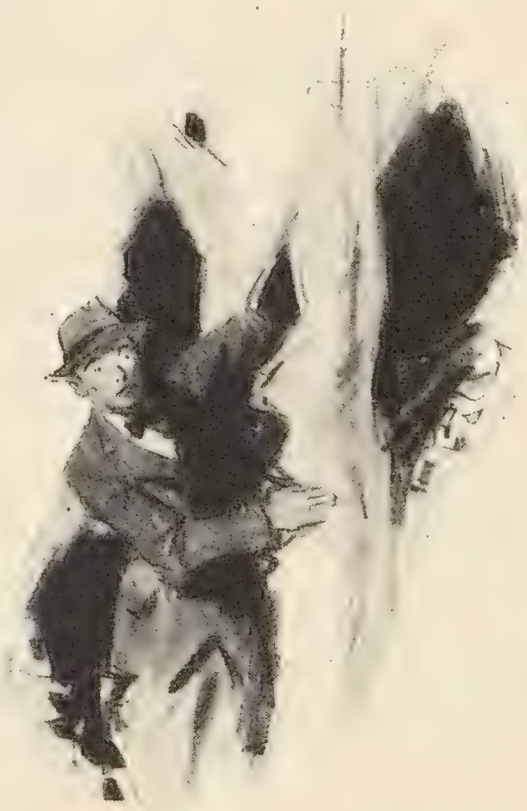
Mr. Hacker laughed. "In other words, you want it. Well, you'll get it if you're good."

Hélène yawned.

"I'm so sleepy. You must go."

"In a minute. Remember—tomorrow afternoon, and don't be late. And don't play the fool, or you'll be sorry for it."

Loveday shivered with cold. She ought to get away, because if they came into the hall she'd be caught. She began to feel her way toward the stairs and, groping, touched the great bronze gong which stood a little to the right of where they began. She drew back her hand, quick and frightened, and the gong swung—and struck against the wall. The dull booming note which it gave out seemed to Loveday to be the loudest and most dreadful sound that she had ever heard.



From this hole Hugo took out the envelope.

She was halfway up the stair before she knew that she had begun to run, and she had reached the turn before the door of the sitting room was flung open. The light streamed out into the hall. She caught at the balustrade and stood there leaning over. She couldn't run any more, because she couldn't breathe. She felt as if she wouldn't ever be able to move again. They would put on the light in the hall. They would find her. And then . . . She couldn't look past being found. That was what made it so horrible. She would be found and—there wasn't anything more. It was a gray, dreadful blank.

She stared at the light and she heard voices—Hélène's voice, and Hacker's voice—and she saw Hélène's hand go up to the switch of the hall light. Hélène was standing in the doorway, and she put up her hand to find the switch.

Mr. Hacker said, "The door was ajar," and Hélène said "Oh!" and put up her hand to the light.

Loveday winced as if someone were going to strike her. And then all of a sudden Pif-paf-pouf emerged from behind the gong. He gave a loud and joyful mew and walked into the light with his beautiful orange tail held high. He mewed again and rubbed his head against Hélène's ankle. Loveday heard her laugh.

"It was only Pif-paf-pouf!" she said.

Her hand dropped from the switch. They went back into the room and shut the door.

III

HUGO took his way back to Meade House for the second time that night. The light still showed through a chink in the curtains as he looked back at Mme. de Lara's sitting-room window. He stood for a moment on the terrace and watched the gleam. Hacker, Hélène de Lara, and—Miller—they were in there together, and he would have given a good deal to know just what they were talking about.

When he came to the Meade House drive he stepped aside into the shrubbery that bordered it and groped his way to an oak that rose above the other trees. About six feet from the ground there was a hole in the trunk. From this hole Hugo took out the envelope which Daisy had given him.

He entered the house, as he had left it, by the back door, and reached his room without incident. He locked the door, sat down on the bed, and took out the contents of the envelope. He looked at them, frowning. Sheets of tracing paper; diagrams; formulæ that reminded him of his school days and rags in the "lab."

He could not make head or tail of the papers, so he put them away again and went to sleep with the envelope pinned inside the pocket of his pyjamas. He woke once, clutching them; and between waking and sleeping he thought he heard the door shut. He did not sleep again until the hour before the dawn. He lay awake and revolved endless plans which led nowhere. In the end he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT Continued from page sixty-five]

had no plan; and having decided not to have a plan at all, but to wait and see what turned up, he fell asleep.

He woke an hour later with a most extraordinary sense of expectancy. It really was an extraordinary sense; he couldn't remember anything like it since the glamour had passed from waking up on his birthday and on Christmas day. This feeling took him back to dark, bright wakings that seemed to be about a hundred years ago. It puzzled him very much.

He dressed, went down, and met the postman with a sheaf of letters. They were nearly all for Minstrel—nearly all but not all. At the bottom of the pile there was one for Hugo Ross, Esq. He went into the study, put Minstrel's letters down, and opened his own. It was from his uncle's solicitor, and it was quite short. It said:

DEAR MR. ROSS:

I am pleased to be able to inform you that our further search for your uncle's will has been successful. The will has been found. You are the sole legatee and executor. I suggest that you should come down without delay, as you will naturally wish to obtain probate as soon as possible.

Hugo read the letter through twice. After the second time he drew a long breath and looked about him. A change seemed to have passed upon everything. He could not have defined the nature of this change, but he was acutely conscious of it. Everything seemed to be a long way off and to have nothing to do with him at all. He wasn't Minstrel's secretary; he was Ross of Treneath. He folded the letter up and put it away.

Nobody else was down. He went out into the garden and began to walk up and down under the bare trees. He knew now why he hadn't been able to make a plan. It was because he needn't make one. He needn't stay here another minute; he had only to go to Minstrel and show this letter. He felt a great flood of affection for Uncle Richard, who hadn't forgotten him after all. Uncle Richard hadn't forgotten, and Treneath was his. And Loveday was his. The heavy gray sky and the bare apple trees looked a good deal like the Garden of Eden.

AND then, with a crash like sudden thunder, the gate of the garden slammed in Hugo's face. He couldn't go in. He couldn't take Loveday by the hand and go into the garden and live happily ever after. He couldn't stop being Minstrel's secretary and catch the midday train and be off to Treneath. He had got to follow the adventure to the bitter end. The letter in his pocket was his last chance. If he took it, everything was easy. If he didn't take it he would never take an easy, pleasant road again. On the other hand— Here he pulled himself up with a jerk. What was the good of arguing? He had certainly got to stay, because he had certainly got to save the plans, if there was any possible way of saving them. He turned his back resolutely on Treneath and went in.

Ambrose Minstrel was in the worst of tempers. He made a horrible breakfast of cold underdone mutton and cocoa, and swore at Hugo for an effete young pup because he refused to join him. At 10 o'clock he told Hugo to ring up the Air Ministry. As soon as the call came through, he took over the telephone.

"I want to speak to Mr. Green," he began in his most disagreeable voice. "Oh—*is* he? Well, my time happens to be of value. . . . No, I don't choose to give my name. . . . No, certainly not. . . . My good fellow, if you think I've the slightest intention of dancing attendance on a stall-fed, comatose government flunky, I can only assure you that you'd better think again. . . . No, I can *not* wait. But you can tell your Mr. Green from me that it's waste of time for anyone to come down to Meade today, because the plans are not ready. I've decided to make certain alterations. . . . Yes, I did say alterations. . . .

"If you can't hear me, say so and send someone to the telephone who isn't deaf. . . . Are you there? . . . Tell Mr. Green it's no use anyone coming down today. . . . *Are you there?* . . . Oh, it's you, is it, Green? Have you had my message? . . . Yes—Minstrel speaking from Meade. It's no use your sending down today, because the plans aren't ready. When I *am* ready, I'll send Hacker up with the plans. I won't have people down here. D'you hear? I'm busy . . . Yes, I know it's difficult for you to grasp that. We're not all government officials—some of us work. Have you got that? . . . When? I *told* you when. *When I'm ready.*"

THE last words were almost shouted. He thrust the receiver back upon the hook, turned on Hugo.

"That's the way to treat 'em. Treat 'em rough—treat 'em rough—treat 'em like dirt. Mud-brained asses, who think because they sit in a government office that they can dictate to me—*me!* I'll show them!"

He went off into the laboratory.

Hacker looked up from his table.

"What does he want to put their backs up for? He makes me wild."

"I expect they know him," said Hugo.

"They ought to. But he's getting worse. Of course he's a genius—but, even so, there are limits to what they'll stand."

He yawned, stretched, and got up.

"Hanged if I'm going to work today! You can tell him I said so if you like—and if he blows up, let him blow up."

He went out of the room whistling and left Hugo wondering what was going to happen next. The morning dragged. He had to stop himself thinking about Treneath, and he had to stop himself thinking about Loveday. Loveday wasn't an inspiration any more; she was a most frightful temptation. Loveday and Treneath—just to take Loveday's hand and go into his kingdom and shut the door and live happily ever after was so frightfully easy—and it was impossible—he couldn't do it. The bit of him that wanted to do it came very near hating the bit that couldn't do it.

Having made his decision, Hugo has only to wait for the perilous crisis he has been expecting. It comes in next week's installment of this story. Don't miss it.

WINNERS!

Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Pencil Factory, the ninth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which LIBERTY is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To Mary Lou Baker Smith,
(Class of 1929) Barnard College, New York City.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
To G. Robert Jernberg,
7 Vendora Road, Worcester, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To A. D. Bothne,
P. O. Box 244, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To Charles Dudley Rhodes,
Army and Navy Club, Washington, D. C.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 each
To Harry F. Grafton, Box 560, Palestine, Ill.; James C. Ballard, M. D., Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. Reserves, 1121 West Thirty-third Street, Little Rock, Ark.; J. H. Swain, 17 South Seventeenth Avenue, E., Duluth, Minn.; Dr. W. M. Paton, 855 First Street, S. W., Rochester, Minn.

Prize awards for the tenth problem, The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree, which appeared in three installments, will be announced in an early issue.

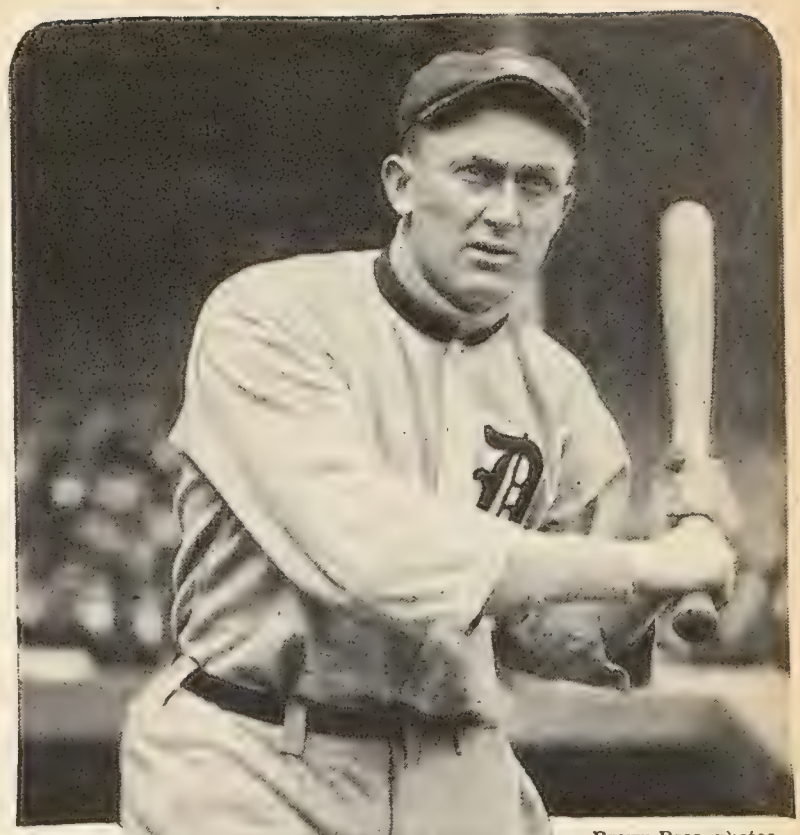
Ty Cobb's Greatest Thrill

Seventeen Innings of Baseball Suspense in 1907

By

HUGH FULLERTON

(Third of a series of "greatest games" chosen by various baseball notables)



Brown Bros. photos

TY COBB, the greatest player in baseball history, remembers most vividly one game among the 4,000 or more in which he has been the central figure. That game, he says, was the game played in Philadelphia on September 30, 1907, a game which, after seventeen innings of fighting and rioting, ended in a 9 to 9 tie. Cobb wrote me that the game that day gave him the greatest thrill of all his career and the most satisfaction, because it was the failure of the Athletics to win that wrecked their hopes of the championship, while Detroit, by securing a tie after the battle seemed hopelessly lost, cinched their championship.

Never in baseball history has bitterness and rivalry existed between two teams to as great an extent as it did between Detroit and Philadelphia during the seven years in which one or the other was the champion of the American League. And always Ty Cobb was the center of the excitement when Detroit appeared in Philadelphia.

On September 30, 1907, the teams were scheduled to play a double header in Philadelphia, closing their series for the year. Detroit led in the race by a few points, having won eighty-seven and lost fifty-six games, while the Athletics had won eighty-three and lost fifty-five. To win both games meant the lead for the Mack team and probably the championship. The largest crowd ever assembled in the Athletic park—more than 40,000—was gathered. The crowd overflowed into the field, and when the first game started the symptoms of trouble were in the air. Cobb was hooted, jeered, and insulted at every turn.

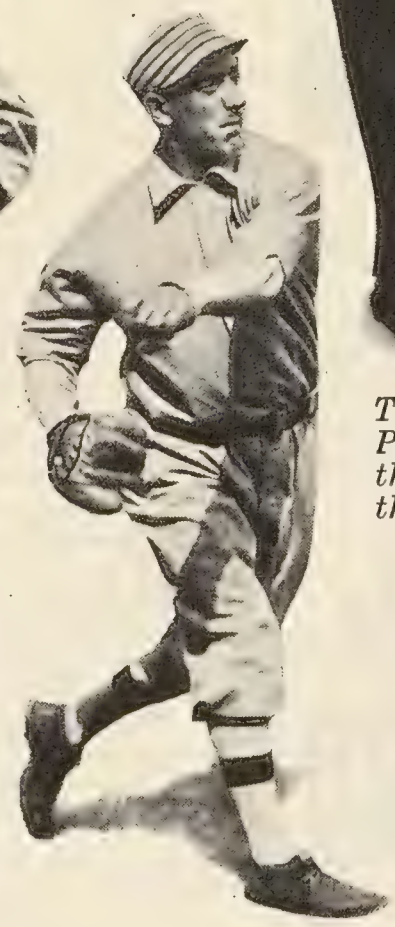
Jennings had chosen Wild Bill Donovan, who later was to die a tragic death in the wreck of a train, as his pitcher. The Athletics hammered Donovan hard from the start, and as their lead increased the crowd grew ribald and confident. Detroit drove Jimmy Dygert off the slab in less than two innings and then the great Rube Waddell ascended the mound, struck out six of the first eight batters who faced him, and set the immense throng wild. The score was 7 to 1 in favor of the Athletics when the seventh inning started. With the victory in their grasp the Athletics went into panic and, while Oldring and Nichols erred, Crawford followed with a double and before the panic ended Detroit had four more runs and was fighting hard. Donovan had been slammed for fourteen hits in seven innings, but as his team rallied behind him, he steadied and grew better and better, although in their seventh the Athletics made another run. In the eighth inning little Charlie O'Leary doubled and scored on Davy Jones' screaming hit, but still the Tigers lacked two runs of a tie.

The ninth came with the situation desperate for Detroit. After hope seemed dead, Sam Crawford drove out a double and, in the crisis of the year, Cobb came up and drove a long home run into the seats. The score

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wild Bill Donovan, who hurled the whole seventeen innings for the Tigers.

At the right, Eddie Plank, who held the Detroit team to a 9-9 score.



Ty Cobb, famous Georgia Peach, who picks this game as the most thrilling of more than 4,000 he has played in.

This adv. suggested by J. Riker, 217 Quincy St., B'klyn, N.Y.
If you have a new and original idea, send it to us and if acceptable we will pay $100.00

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Carbona Products Co., 302-304 West 26th Street, New York

CORNS

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A new discovery

In one minute it's all over! No more pain after that. That's how Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads act. They remove pressure of shoes, relieve and heal — the only scientific, safe, sure way to treat corns. No danger of acid burn as with harsh liquids and plasters. Zino-pads are thin, dainty, protective, cushioning. Also sizes for Callouses and Bunions. At drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c box.

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Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E **LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

was tied, the great crowd wild with disappointment.

Cobb was giving one of the most superb exhibitions of his life. He doubled in the eleventh and raced clear home on Rossman's single, which seemed to win the game. The Athletics fought back. In their half Nichols doubled, a wild pitch put him on third, and he scored on Davis' long fly after Seybold had been purposely passed. The bases were filled when Collins ended it—and the crowd dropped again into disappointed silence.

Detroit filled the bases in their twelfth, but little Topsy Hartsel went back almost to the flag pole and dragged down Sam Crawford's long drive to end it. Hartsel doubled in the twelfth only to be caught off second by a quick throw, which dashed Philadelphia's hopes of victory. The crowd, edging closer to the field of play and growing more and more tense with each inning, broke bounds in the fourteenth. Davis hit a fly to center field, and Sam Crawford, jogging back to the edge of the crowd, was in the act of catching the ball when the crowd broke, rushed him, and knocked the ball from his hands.

In an instant there was a wild riot. The entire Detroit team rushed from the field and the bench and charged Silk O'Loughlin and Tommy Connolly calling their attention to the interference. Rossman, overexcited, lost his head and swung at Coach Monte Cross, who fought back. Police rushed to the scene. In a minute a battle was going on. When at last the police led Rossman away, Umpire O'Loughlin allowed the catch and the struggle was resumed.

Donovan seemed to grow stronger and better, and Detroit, ever forcing the assault, threatened in each round to score.

Schaefer singled in the fifteenth, Crawford sacrificed him to second, but Eddie Plank, who had succeeded Waddell after Cobb's home run tied the score in the ninth, walked Cobb purposely and, by retiring the next batters, saved the day.

In the seventeenth Cobb made a desperate effort to win the game unaided. He singled sharply, stole second by a delayed dash, and then, when the throw got past Murphy, he tore for third, slid a twister under the baseman, and was safe. He was racing for the plate, trying to steal home, when the batter flied out. When the seventeenth inning ended, darkness was falling. They had been fighting nearly four hours and, instead of two games and a decision of the championship, the one game ended in a tie and, with but a few games remaining to play in the season, Detroit clung to its lead to the end and won its pennant.

Next week Mr. Fullerton picks the big league winners for 1929—his annual forecast, with all the "dope."

The Box Score

DETROIT

	AB.	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Jones, cf	7	1	1	5	0	0
Schaefer, 2b	9	1	3	3	6	0
Crawford, cf	8	2	2	7	0	0
Cobb, rf	8	2	3	1	0	0
Rossman, 1b	7	1	2	13	2	0
Killian, 1b	0	0	0	1	0	0
Mullin, 1b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Downs, cf	1	0	0	2	0	0
Coughlin, 3b	7	0	0	1	3	0
Schmidt, c	1	0	0	3	1	1
Payne, c	6	0	1	9	1	0
O'Leary, ss	8	1	2	3	1	0
Donovan, p	7	1	1	3	7	0
Totals	70	9	15	51	21	1

PHILADELPHIA

	AB.	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Hartsel, lf	7	1	4	5	0	0
Nichols, ss	6	1	2	4	9	1
Seybold, rf	6	2	1	1	0	0
Davis, 1b	8	3	3	17	1	0
Murphy, 2b	7	1	4	2	6	0
J. Collins, 3b	7	1	1	3	3	0
Oldring, cf	7	0	3	3	0	1
Schreck, c	4	0	0	9	1	1
Powers, c	3	0	0	4	0	1
Dygert, p	0	0	0	0	0	2
Waddell, p	4	0	0	1	0	0
Plank, p	4	0	1	2	1	0
E. Collins*	1	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	64	9	20	51	21	6

*Batted for Oldring in seventeenth.

Detroit .. 0 1 0 0 0 0 4 1 2 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—9
Phila. ... 3 0 2 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—9

Two-base hits — Crawford, Cobb, O'Leary, Hartsel (3), Nichols, Davis, J. Collins, Oldring (2). Home runs—Cobb and Davis. Sacrifice hits—Schmidt, Crawford, Nichols (2), J. Collins, Powers. Stolen bases—Coughlin, O'Leary, Cobb, Hartsel. Left on bases—Detroit 17, Philadelphia 13. Bases on balls—off Donovan 3; off Dygert 1; off Waddell 1; off Plank 1. Struck out—by Donovan 11; by Waddell 7; by Plank 3. Wild pitch—Donovan. Time—3 hours 50 minutes. Umpires—O'Loughlin and Connolly.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Good Idea

The teacher asked the pupils how they would spend their holiday if they had to drudge all year with only one day's vacation. Almost every child had a favorite sport to which he said he'd devote his free day.

Jim, a quiet little boy, the sort who never volunteers but has to be coaxed to recite, gave the most surprisingly intelligent answer:

"I'd spend the day looking for another job," he said.—Adele Keating, 25 Claremont Crescent, Berkeley, Calif.

No Skirts for Him!

A man came up to a woman who was shopping accompanied by her four sons, and, stroking the youngest child's sunny curls, he remarked:

"So you have four boys and no girl. Well, one of your boys should have been a girl."

A very indignant young man withdrew from the offered caress, replying with dignity:

"Well, who'd 'a' been her? I wouldn't 'a' been her!"—Mrs. R. W. Bowman, 397 State St., Albany, N. Y.

Arizona hunter tracks down big catch ... *for his pipe!*

Stranded in hot desert pipe-smoker finds oasis of comfort in this little blue tin

ASK Mr. Kirby, a victim of the stifling heat of the desert, and he'll tell you it's mighty uncomfortable to hunt for your favorite pipe-tobacco and find you've lost your pouch. Unless —(as it so happened) one of the boys has a welcome "shot" of Edgeworth to fill the breach.

Mr. Kirby says it certainly did *more* than that for him. For from the moment he packed his pipe with Edgeworth the world seemed pretty good again. And now he's made up his mind he'll never smoke any other brand.

Not all pipe smokers are brave bold hunters. But nearly all pipe smokers are calm, serene fellows. Pipe-smoking runs to sound, thinking men—not to the nervous, helter-skelter breed. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply *can't* be hurried into nervous jumpy decisions.

But you don't have to wait until you're stuck in a desert to try the powers of Edgeworth.

Try this FREE *offer now!*

How long is it since you've had *your* pipe out? Weeks? Months? Perhaps it's because you've lacked proper fodder. If so, let us send you *free of charge*, a trial package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco so that you can try it in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Battle Mountain Sanitarium,
Hot Springs, So. Dakota,
December 5th, 1928.

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

One day in the desert, in Arizona, I went out on an all day shooting trip, and left my pouch at home, and did not discover it until I was miles from town. Well, I was disgusted. The sun was shining hot as the devil that day, and everything was dancing in the heat, and I soon got a headache.

Now a queer thing about these headaches I have is that tobacco relieves them. So I asked one of the boys for a pipe of tobacco, and he handed me a tin of Edgeworth. Well, I thought here was the place where I was going to ruin a perfectly good pipe.

But I got the biggest surprise of my smoking experience. For the pipe tasted just as good as it ever had with the other brand, and was quite a bit cooler, too. I smoked three or four pipes before we got thru the day's shooting, and when I had finished there was no dryness of mouth and throat, and no unpleasant taste in my mouth.

You can be sure I have never smoked any more imported mixtures since that day, and as long as Edgeworth is what it is I will use no other. I want to thank you for a really fine tobacco, than which there is no greater rarity in this machine-made country.

Sincerely yours,
(*Signed*) McKinley Kirby

(*All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine—unpaid and unsolicited.*)

Two forms—same blend —both for your pipe 15¢

Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

Put a 50-piece band on a little end-table?

Certainly! . . . and you can carry a dozen jazz orchestras in one hand!

WE HASTEN to explain that all this is possible with the new Columbia Portable Phonograph.

Half the size of a small suitcase—and perfectly contented in the smallest nook of the tiniest apartment—this superb little instrument gives you all the music, all the volume, all the rich, full-throated tone you'd expect from a phonograph as big as a wardrobe trunk.

It is an ideal dispenser of year-round good cheer for homes where modern architecture has clipped dimensions, where rooms are cosy but tiny. And it has the added advantage of being portable. You can take it with you wherever you go . . . to the seashore, the mountains, a week-end jaunt . . . and *easily*, for it weighs but 32 pounds when fully loaded with a half a dozen records.

And if you're vain about the looks of your luggage (and who isn't), the new Columbia Portable will "fit in" there, too. It will win an admiring glance — even from a red-cap!

It is covered with waterproof Fabrikoid, which looks like leather—and wears like it. It's padded, top and bottom, to foil bumps. It was built to stand rough usage—and it will.

All this, you may think, is leading up to a big, big price. But no! . . . The Columbia Portable costs only $50—at your Columbia dealer's.

Your Columbia Dealer has the new Columbia Portable Phonograph with electric motor for only $60—and other Columbia Portables for as little as $15—ask him to let you hear them.

Hear the new

COLUMBIA
PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH

at your Columbia dealer's!

"Magic Notes" **Columbia** "Magic Notes"

PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, *New York*

Canada: Columbia Phonograph Company, Ltd., Toronto

The ART of the ARTLESS

By Bettina Bedwell

Mme. Schiaparelli, who has given Paris a new cult of clothes, wearing her famous bowknot sweater.

At the right, a Schiaparelli creation of knitted brown cotton cardigan and natural linen frock embroidered in colors.

Above: A frock of cream silk. The blouse is attached to short trousers and, like the skirt, laced with black.

At the left, a Schiaparelli natural shantung suit with a cream lace-knit cotton sweater having red borders.

Over a blouse of white organdie Schiaparelli places a sleeveless dress of printed crêpe. The scarf is organdie.

Paris.

THREE A's—Art, Arty, and Artless—dominate the clothes we wear. The Arty can be immediately eliminated because it has little to do with fashion or good form in dress. Art and Artless have everything to do with both. The secret of style and good dressing is so to merge art with artlessness that you can't tell the difference.

There is in Paris one wise little lady who is today the chief style expert on the art of the artless in dress, and she tells LIBERTY readers on this page how to get their clothes to look that way. Elsa Schiaparelli looks like a Murillo Madonna, and dresses so well that sophisticated feminine Europe is trying to learn her secret.

Schiaparelli puts Miss Summer, 1929, into cotton clothes or some sort of rough, unsophisticated silk or wool. Here are her ideas on fabrics:

"For sports and daytime, wear materials that are rough and wholesome looking, but avoid fabrics that are raggy or too soft. I prefer cottons like organdie, calico, and gingham. Coarse-weave linens are very good. If you want printed materials, be sure to choose something that isn't banal, or else wear plain materials."

As to color, Mme. Schiaparelli has original ideas. She says:

"Don't be afraid of any color combination so long as it is beautiful. Avoid muddy colors as you would avoid a plague. Don't wear pastel colors for daytime. Try to improve your hair and eyes color scheme by wearing colors that make them appear stronger and more beautiful. I, myself, have neutral hair, which is neither black nor brown, so I wear pure black with white, which makes it appear really black. This color combination gives my eyes the appearance of being larger and darker. Women of my coloring can also wear very light beige with a little yellow in it. Rosy beiges are for blondes only. For evening I wear only black, white, and silver. If you must wear neutral shades, string is a pure tone, and as good as black for town. As to the lines of your clothes, my idea is that your clothes silhouette should be as natural and beautiful as your body silhouette. Tolerate no odd-looking puffs, and no pinching or pulling. I don't like buttons that do not button, and this expresses my idea of trimmings—every detail should have reason and meaning. I like scarfs. They have a beauty and usefulness for a costume.

"All hats should set in relief the beautiful outlines of the head. I wear only supple, drapable hats."

Schiaparelligrams—Shoes of classic simplicity, perfectly fitted, are the only smart shoes.

Wear only washable gloves for daytime or sports.

If you wear false jewels, let them be frankly false.

The RED NAPOLEON

The Second World War (1933-1936) As I Saw It

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

IT is January, 1934, in this installment of Mr. Gibbons' story, and Karakhan, the Red Napoleon, is at war with the United States. Within 1933, every other world power has either gone Red and joined him or been crushed by him; all are members of his Pan-Eurasian Union, all are submitting to his mania for fusing the races. Himself a yellow man, he orders his invading Asiatics and Africans to "Conquer and breed!"

He now purposes to complete his subjugation of the world. He has defied the Monroe Doctrine, and American forces have been rushed to aid Mexico in resisting the advance of his Red Japanese who have taken Salina Cruz. Canada and the Central and South American republics stand with us for the coming death struggle. But we are not yet nationally alive to this crisis. Pacifism has done its work too well.

At the opening of hostilities, Karakhan agreed to return Mr. Gibbons to America, and the present installment finds the author, with Speed Binney, arriving in Japan en route to Mexico under Colonel Boyar's charge. Before their departure from England, Margot Denison was kidnaped by Karakhan's order, ostensibly to serve as a companion to his white wife, Lin. Whit Dodge, left in hiding in London, got word to Mr. Gibbons that he meant to find and see Margot and then escape.

Photos by Culver Service

Salina Cruz harbor at the upper end, showing breakwaters the Reds blew up to admit big ships.

A general view of Salina Cruz, the Mexican Pacific seaport town where the Red Napoleon struck his first blow at the New World.

Pictures by John W. Thomason, Jr.

PART EIGHT
WAKE UP, AMERICA!

ENDING our air flight at Yokohama, we found the harbor alive with shipping — vessels from all parts of the Orient being loaded for the west coast of Mexico. The Red naval bases at Yokosuka, Maizuru, Kure, Sasebo, and the Pescadores were similar hives of activity.

More as distinguished guests than the prisoners we felt ourselves, Binney and I were escorted aboard the S. S. Reba Harris of the American Dollar Line, one of the many American vessels captured in foreign ports upon the declaration of war.

In this casual manner we were confronted with the terrible fact that the existence of the vastly superior Red fleet, plus the nonexistence of neutral ports anywhere in the world, had resulted in the American flag being swept from the high seas.

Thousands of tons of American shipping had been captured racing to reach home ports. Many Yankee vessels that happened to be in Red ports when war was declared were captured before they could steam out.

We put to sea with 3,000 Japanese troops on board. There were a large number of Japanese and Russian staff officers bound for Salina Cruz for staff duty under General Kamku, whom Karakhan had placed in command of the Red Pan-Eurasian expeditionary forces in Mexico.

In French, German, and English they chatted gayly with us over their prospects in Mexico. They spoke of wine and white girls, of twanging guitars, of moonlight on palm trees. Binney and I were silent in the face of their exuberant raillery, but Boyar joked with them and with us.

The first contingent of Karakhan's expeditionary force in the streets of Salina Cruz, sketched on the spot by Major Thomason, U. S. Marine Corps. He was in the city as a member of President Smith's Pan-American Defense Commission. After studying the invaders from concealment, he escaped to the American lines.

...es of Red ... soldiers ...led at Sa... ...ina Cruz.

"Our lines are pushing steadily northward from Salina Cruz," the colonel told me, on the morning of our second day out as we paced the deck.

"KAMKU is a wild devil," he continued. "He's the yellow one that made the landing north of Manila Bay in the Philippine conquest—knows his business like a book—used to be an officer in the old Imperial army—sort of a renegade nobleman—real samurai gone red. Something like old Chicherin in Moscow."

"Was there no naval opposition to the landing at Salina Cruz?" I asked.

"Unfortunately for us, no," he replied. "One purpose of the action was to draw American naval units back into the Pacific. Half the Japanese fleet covered Kamku's landing. They would have taken care of any American warships that could have been spared from your fleet in the Caribbean.

"But apparently you have some brains on your strategy board in Washington, for no United States sea forces were sent to the defense of Salina Cruz, although your politicians along the Pacific Coast roared and yowled to high heaven for the navy. The radio was full of it."

"What is Karakhan's tactical objective?" I asked. "How many men has he? What's he driving for?"

"His forces number over 100,000 men now," Boyar explained. "More are landing at the rate of 10,000 a day. They're not all coming from Japan, you understand.

"Some of the contingents were shipped from Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, and some of the Pacific island groups, formerly British and French. Many of them are veterans of the Australian massacre. Don't think this expedition is a hit-or-miss affair. It's been planned for some time.

"Kamku is advancing along the Trans-Isthmian Railroad, running from Salina Cruz northward across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to Puerto Mexico. His objective is to push through to the Gulf of Mexico. I think he'll do it. Remember, it is only about one hundred and thirty-five miles across the isthmus."

We went into the smoke room, where a war map of the Mexican front covered the bulletin board.

"Red forces took the junction town of San Geronimo —here," Boyar explained, pointing. "Salina Cruz, you see, is the hub of a fifty-mile circle which, roughly, rep-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page seventy-three]

resents our line around the city. We hold the railroad south to Cerro Ioco. The nature of the country is such that all the fighting is along the Trans-Isthmian Railroad. I do not know the strength of the American and Mexican forces opposed to us, but I believe they are badly crippled by the fact that they have only a single-line railroad behind them. They are based on Puerto Mexico and Vera Cruz."

One of the few civilians on board the Reba Harris was Remus Stein, an old agent of the Moscow Foreign Office who had previously been an exile in America. His mission to Mexico was diplomatic, and Boyar introduced him to explain what was known of the internal situation in Mexico.

"You know, of course, that Mme. Collontai, the old Russian ambassadress at Mexico City, has represented the Red Union there," Stein said. "She is one of the revolutionary comrades of Lenin and Trotzky. Your American secret service has been interested in her work in Mexico for many years. She is now in Salina Cruz and has reported fully on the events following the receipt of our ultimatum in Mexico City."

"What happened?" I asked.

"The customary Mexican crisis," Stein replied. "Your American Ambassador Ketcham conferred with President Maytoreyna immediately and there were many long-distance telephone conversations with Washington. Morones, leader of the opposition, charged Maytoreyna with an undue readiness to call upon the United States for assistance.

"There was a public demonstration, in which the opposition announced its policy in the slogan: 'Sovietic federation with Karakhan rather than capitalistic slavery under American imperialism!' I don't mind telling you that this was an open appeal to the widespread anti-American prejudice in Mexico, but I am sorry to admit that it failed. President Maytoreyna officially invited the assistance of the United States in resisting our landing."

"HOW long did these negotiations take?" I asked. "Every hour must have counted."

"The negotiations were plain smoke and buncombe," Stein replied with a smile. "Washington had not even waited for the negotiations. Hours before their conclusion, American regulars from half a dozen army posts in the West and Middle West were concentrated along the Mexican border. Troops from the Atlantic seaboard, mobilized at Tampa, Mobile, and New Orleans, were on board the transports and en route for Mexico while the fools in the streets of Mexico City were still shouting about their independence."

"When did the Yanks get into action?" Binney asked, ignoring Stein's cynicism.

"According to the Washington radio communiqué, an American squadron appeared off Puerto Mexico not an hour after agreement was reached. The Yankee warships saluted the Mexican flag and the Mexican batteries ashore saluted the American flag. United States marines landed first, followed by an unknown number of American troops who advanced southward along the railroad toward Salina Cruz, where they joined forces with Mexican troops. And that's where the opposing lines are fighting now."

"Atta boy!" yelled Binney. Stein smiled indulgently.

"Mme. Collontai's work was more successful in the north," he continued. "Yaqui Indians revolted in Sonora and seriously impeded the movement of American troop trains southward from the Arizona border.

"Their resistance was so determined at Hermosillo that the American advance was held up two days by the rebels and the mutinied garrison of the city.

"An American troop train was derailed south of Chihuahua City, and another was blown up by a mine at Irapuato. American casualties have been very high."

Later I was to learn that the Mexican general staff had wisely employed a large part of its military strength in the defense of the Mexican west coast ports of Manzanillo, Guaymas, Mazatlán, Topolobampo, and railway

"Good-by, Boyar, until we meet again," I said, as I followed Speed and stepped into space.

Picture by Clayton Knight

artillery had been concentrated on the coastal lines along the Gulf of California.

"Would you like some cheery wireless news for breakfast, my dear Yankee friends?" asked Boyar gayly on the morning of our tenth day out from Yokohama.

"I know," Speed said with a sour look. "Lake Michigan has overflowed and swept the Mississippi Valley into the Gulf of Mexico, and Al Smith has gone dry. Now try and break my heart, little bluebird."

"Not quite that bad," replied the smiling Boyar, "but there's a hell of a fight going on in Hawaii. The Japanese population has revolted and seized one of the forts. They also hold the Wahiawa reservoir, with the water supply of Oahu.

"There has been some hard fighting in the streets of Honolulu, and I am sorry to say that a number of the American pineapple planters and their wives and children have been killed by their employees.

"We have been intercepting radio reports from the Japanese rebels, and these, together with the United States army code radios, which we have deciphered, indicate that a pleasant time is being had by all. It looks like another Australian party."

"Boloney!" said Speed. "You boys don't seem to realize that you are fighting Yanks now."

"Why don't we?" Boyar rejoined. "There's no one else in the world to fight. You forget, Speed, that the United States navy has evacuated the naval base at Pearl Harbor, so that your land forces on the islands now have to fight it out or perish. There's no hope of reënforcements reaching them. We control the Pacific.

"Whether the Hawaiian revolt succeeds or not, matters very little. I doubt whether Karakhan would attempt to take the islands with an expedition. They are not worth it to us, and now they are useless to you because you have no navy in the Pacific. They might make it a little nasty for us as a submarine base, but I think you will need all of your undersea craft in the Atlantic."

"I notice, just the same," remarked Binney, "that this ship runs without lights at night and we are giving Honolulu a wide berth. I guess you're taking no chances on our subs."

WE steamed into the harbor of Salina Cruz on the morning of our twenty-second day out from Yokohama. Two small semirigid dirigibles, their cigar-shaped envelopes tinted rose and silver by the morning sun, patrolled slowly above the brown coast ahead of us. Mine sweepers preceded us, and Japanese destroyers cut in and about in constant vigilance. Airplanes buzzed overhead. Traffic lanes to and from the port were crowded with east and west bound shipping.

Riding in the long Pacific swell, we saw the luridly painted hulls and superstructures of battleships—their great sides now splotched with camouflage. Boyar pointed them out. They were the old Imperial Japanese battleships Ise and Fuso. Farther out to sea were the old cruisers Hiyei and Kongo.

"And there are the air carriers Akagi and Kaga," said Boyar, pointing. "You can recognize them by the three swivel funnels jutting out from the left side of the ship and from beneath the landing deck. They carry a hundred planes each, and are armed with eight-inch guns."

A continuous procession of planes rose from the decks of the carriers and flew inland beyond the town to the semicircular wall of bare, brown hills that form the oval basin in which the city of Salina Cruz is situated. Looking at that ring of hills from the sea, it was impossible to locate the breach through which the railroad runs.

Numbers of anti-aircraft guns, their muzzles pointed skyward, were mounted on the two encircling arms of white cement breakwaters that form the outer harbor.

The superstructure of the breakwater on the right of the inner harbor entrance appeared severely damaged as though many feet of it had been blown off.

"Some little American birdie must have dropped an egg on the toy harbor," Speed remarked to Boyar, with the pride of an airman.

"I wish they had, Speed," Boyar replied. "It would have saved us the trouble of blowing up that breakwater

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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**From personal interviews at Amsterdam by Jantzen representatives.*

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From the historical painting by S. George Phillips, in the author's collection

President Alfred E. Smith and his Cabinet questioning Mr. Gibbons about Karakhan and the Red menace. Seated at the President's left are Secretary of the Treasury John J. Raskob, Attorney General Frank Comerford, and Secretary of Agriculture Ruth Hanna McCormick. In the background are Secretaries Cuneo and Ryan and Postmaster General Emory Olds.

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page seventy-five]

ourselves. We did it because the entrance was only ninety feet wide and some of our ships have a greater beam than that. Yank and Mexican planes have been over trying to bomb us, but our air forces have been able to keep them off."

Inside the inner harbor, troop and supply ships were moored alongside the quays, and the electric cranes, lifts, and conveyor systems were swinging out guns, gun carriages and mounts, tanks, automobiles, and all manner of military impedimenta. Above the noise of the unloading could be heard the boom of distant cannon.

Pouring out of the sides of the ships, down the gangplanks flowed long lines of marching Japanese infantry.

Japanese stewards respectfully brought our baggage to the quay side. Mexican cargadores, bare to their sash-bound waists, mounted our bags on their bony brown shoulders and, led by a smartly dressed young Japanese lieutenant, we proceeded up the main street of Salina Cruz to the Hotel Guasti, now the headquarters of General Kamku, who was expecting us.

THE Japanese commander was middle-aged, short, round-faced, round-bellied, and hot. He spoke in French "We have received instructions from London to deposit you behind the American lines. Unfortunately, it will not be possible in daytime, because I do not wish you to observe our positions, which would be visible from the air, but you will be dropped by parachute tomorrow night somewhere over the harbor of Puerto Mexico."

I looked at Binney with a question in my eyes. Was parachute jumping in the dark over a strange harbor healthy? Binney shrugged his shoulders.

"General, there need be no restrictions on what Mr. Gibbons and Mr. Binney may observe," Colonel Boyar said suavely. "They are—"

"I consider only the safety of my forces," Kamku shot back, rising to his feet angrily. "Our lines are hard pressed on the north. Our present positions must be veiled as much as possible. I am in command here. I will not permit the passage of spies through—"

"Would the general be so kind as to read these instructions?" Boyar interrupted, as he presented a folded white paper which had a half-inch border of red.

SILENTLY we watched the Japanese commander's pinpoint eyes as they oscillated across the typewritten page. Without a word he returned the document to Boyar and sat down. Addressing his adjutant, he said:

"You will make arrangements for the flying personnel and equipment required by Colonel Boyar when and where he desires. That is all."

With a mutual exchange of bows, we left the room. Outside Binney winked at Boyar and whispered:

"I don't know what scriptural text you carry on that paper, but to Papa Kamku it must have read like his master's voice."

"It came from Karakhan," Boyar responded. "We will fix you up for a daylight landing, with everything possible for your safety."

While the sweating cargadores removed our bags to the Hotel Gambrinus, Boyar, accompanied by the guide, led us to the Terminal Hotel, now a hospital.

"There are some wounded American officers here," Boyar explained. "No reason why you should not talk to them." Following an orderly, we went into a guarded room at the end of the second-floor corridor.

Partially covered by a sheet on a cot in one corner of the room was a man. The face and features were darkly

sunburned, but the lighter hue of his cleanly shaven pate identified him as white. He was smoking a cigarette and looking at the ceiling when we entered, but as he lowered his gaze to us, he ejaculated, "Well, I will be good and God d—"

"And so will I!" I interrupted as I stepped forward with outstretched hand to grasp the extended one of Major Hickey Collins of the Fifth U. S. Marines.

Besides his reputation of being one of the most profound oathsmen of the marine corps, Hickey Collins had come up from the ranks, winning his commission in the early days of June, 1918, when the marine brigade of the old Second Division drove the Germans back from the Marne. Hickey and I had liquidated subsequent battles and bottles in Paris.

When I had explained briefly my presence in Salina Cruz, he told me of the fighting inland in which he had been wounded and taken prisoner.

"They landed the brigade at Puerto Mexico and my battalion was pushed on the train immediately for the interior. We left a company at Santa Lucrecia, which is the junction point of the road that runs north to Vera Cruz, and I took the other two companies on south to the foot of the hills around Chivela. And maybe it wasn't hot there!

"We made a line right and left on the railroad and tried to dig in. The jungles on both sides were full of Japs. The air fighting went on above night and day.

"Our flat cars had no sooner pushed into Chivela than Jap air bombers blew up the railroad in back of us and we were S. O. L. for supplies.

"I got mine from an air bomb on the third day—a big chunk of it in my back; and the concussion must have put me out. I woke up in the hands of the enemy.

"They carted me down here, and it looks like the jug for me, and prospects of a long war. Me a prisoner of the Japs, and God, how I hate rice!" he finished disconsolately.

Binney and I shared our pocket money with Hickey and told him that we would communicate with Mrs. Collins, whose address he gave me.

We parted with a tight grip of the hands.

AFTER lunch Boyar escorted Binney and me, together with our baggage, down to the water front, where we boarded a dispatch boat that took us beyond the harbor and alongside the airplane carrier Akagi.

We took off from the landing deck of the air carrier in a large transport plane—Binney, Boyar, and I. For ten minutes we circled above the wind- and sand-blown streets and brown flats of Salina Cruz, while an escort of fifty pursuit planes joined us in formation. Steadily climbing for altitude, we flew north.

Twice we sighted American planes in smaller numbers, and there was one combat in which two American machines and one Japanese went down. The surviving Americans hung to the tail of our group.

One hour later we flew over the bay of Campeche. A perfect hell of anti-aircraft fire greeted us from the suburbs and harbor defenses of Puerto Mexico. American destroyers and light cruisers were moving at full speed beneath us, their vertical guns spitting shells upward and thick, black smoke pouring from their funnels. The American planes flew to the attack to prevent the accompanying Red bombers from getting into position above the warships.

I made a last inspection of my parachute harness, tied the life preserver round my waist, and stood ready for a jump. Binney stood beside me, similarly prepared.

"Don't forget what I told you!" I heard him shout in Boyar's ear. "Tell Margot I'm coming to get her!"

There was a sudden pressure of air on my ears as our plane dove from its 10,000-foot level. When about 1,500 feet above the surface of the harbor, the machine came out of the dive on an even keel.

Boyar slid back the side door and smiled into my face as he placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Good-by, Gibbons; here's where we part."

"Good-by, Boyar, until we meet again," I said, and stepped into space.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Until they leave

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[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page seventy-seven]

There was a flash of the blue water 1,500 feet below, but the sight so unnerved me that I closed my eyes. It was my first parachute leap. I feared it was my last.

Turning over and over as I fell, I forced myself to count four slowly, and then clutched and pulled the steel ring on my shoulder harness—and waited for the opening of the silken parasol upon which my life depended.

To me, the wait seemed an eternity. It ended with a jolt that felt like a terrific blow across the middle of my back. I was spun and snapped about like a lash of a whip. The chute had caught the air—I was floating down.

An inshore breeze slowly drifted me inland toward the long line of white surf east of the harbor of Puerto Mexico. I noticed several speed boats cutting through the water. One of them was not fifty feet away when I struck water and disentangled myself from the chute.

I was pulled aboard with a boat hook and brought face to face with a Yankee sailor who pointed a wicked Colt automatic at my stomach and told me to hold up my hands. The speed boat made a left turn and picked up Binney, not a hundred yards away.

Our attempted explanations to the nervous holder of the automatic were futile. He knew about spy-dropping from enemy planes and was taking no chances. Fifteen minutes later I was taken before my friend General Phelan Logan, the marine commandant in the town, who recognized me at once and reported my arrival to Vera Cruz and Washington.

With our clothes still wet and with the two suitcases, which the ever thoughtful Boyar had parachuted down after us, Binney and I left for Vera Cruz in a large marine seaplane. We dined that evening with Major General McArthur, commanding the American Expeditionary Forces, and General Mendoza, the leader of the Mexican allies. On my plate were two army radiograms. The first one was as follows:

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR SAFE RETURN
PRESIDENT SMITH REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE BEFORE CABINET MEETING WASHINGTON TOMORROW NIGHT
HAND

THE message flattered me highly and it was with some pride that I handed it to General McArthur. I really felt important. While he was reading it, I tore open the second radiogram. It read:

NO EXPENSE ACCOUNTS RECEIVED FROM YOU FOR LAST ELEVEN MONTHS AUDITING DEPARTMENT MUST HAVE ALL HOTEL BILLS AND TELEGRAPH RECEIPTS STOP ATTACH VOUCHERS FOR ALL EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS
TRIBUNE
CHICAGO

Binney and I slept like babies that night in the big navy transport plane, high above the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, as we were flown northwest for New Orleans and Washington—where we landed at Bolling Field late the following day. Unshaven, and with clothing dried but wrinkled, we were taken by car to the White House. After a brief delay Charles Hand, the President's secretary, led me into the Cabinet room.

President Smith, slightly grayer and somewhat heavier, greeted me kindly with a few words recalling the night in 1919 when he had introduced me before a lecture audience in Carnegie Hall and had pronounced the "h" in Château Thierry. "My French always was poisonous," he observed. "You see, I learned it in a fish market."

Other members of the Cabinet personally known to me were Secretary of State Conger Reynolds, Attorney General Frank Comerford, and Secretary of Agriculture Ruth Hanna McCormick. Upon the death of Secretary of Agriculture Fordyce in 1932, Mrs. McCormick had resigned her seat in the Senate to accept President Hoover's appointment of her as the first woman member of an American Cabinet. Although she was a stalwart Republican, President Smith had reappointed her when he entered the White House in March, 1933.

Picture by John W. Thomason, Jr.

An incident of the execution, in Salina Cruz, of Karakhan's standing order to his troops to "Conquer and breed!"

"MR. GIBBONS, tell us what you know about Karakhan," said the President. "What's the source of his power? What's the secret of his repeated successes? Where does his strength lie? What is his aim? What's he really want?"

There was a silence around the long table as I prepared to answer the questions. I told them how the Chicago Tribune had stationed me in Moscow in 1932; how I had investigated and written stories about the career of the Red Napoleon from his boyhood.

I recounted his record through the Russian revolution; his rise to prominence under Stalin; his seizing of personal power in Russia; his military preparations for expansion; his attacks on Poland and Roumania; his conquest of Europe; his ruthless order for the massacre of six million whites in Australia; his scientific organization of all the enormous forces of the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and finally his determination to conquer the last great power and rule the whole world.

It was a long recital. Upon its conclusion, Secretary of State Reynolds questioned me concerning the inter-political organization of the Red Union, and my opinion as to the cohesiveness of its structure.

Secretary of the Treasury John J. Raskob asked about the monetary situation in the Union.

Secretary of the Navy Maitland Davidson questioned me on the organization of the Red fleet, its bases of supply, the caliber and morale of its personnel.

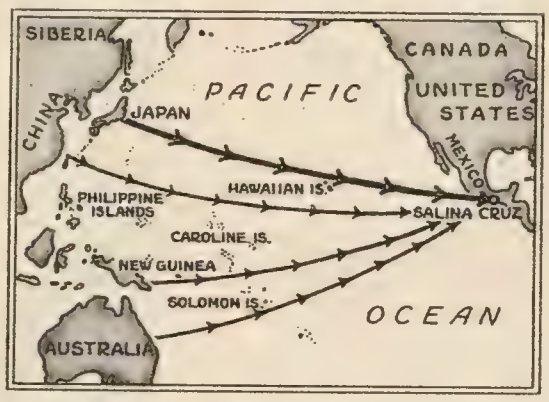
Secretary of Commerce William Eberhardt wanted to know the internal industrial situation.

Secretary of War Myron G. Wallace asked for facts concerning the organization and strength of the Red armies, the tactics of yellow troops, officer material, arms, equipment, artillery, tanks, gas.

Secretary of the Interior Peter Cuneo asked concerning the administration of natural resources—coal, iron ore, nickel, copper, tin, oil, manganese—through the countries of the Red Union.

The welfare of the peasants, the productivity of the farms, the food supply—these were the subjects of interest to Mrs. McCormick, Secretary of Agriculture.

Postmaster General Emory Olds asked whether the



How the Red expeditionary force crossed the Pacific to invade Mexico. The heavy line marks the route of the first Japanese contingent.

communication systems—telephone and telegraph lines—were standing up under communistic administration.

Secretary of Labor James Ryan asked about the pay, working hours, and housing conditions of the communistic workers.

The interrogation lasted more than four hours, and the air in the room was blue with cigar and cigarette smoke.

Coffee had been served to us around the table in lieu of dinner, and my voice was gradually becoming a whisper from the incessant talking.

Although the situation faced by the country was tense, the feeling gradually grew on me during the interview that full realization of the dangers at hand had not been brought home to the nation. My impression was that some of the Cabinet considered my views concerning Karakhan's powers to be considerably exaggerated and needlessly alarming.

"Isn't it possible, Mr. Gibbons," Secretary of War Wallace said, looking me straight in the eye as he pointed his finger at me; "isn't it just possible that your association with Reds, radicals, and communists has distorted your judgment? Is it possible that you have forgotten some of your Americanism? Could it be, now, that you yourself have come under the domination of what you call the terrible personality and will power of this 'Yellow Terror'? It is my opinion that many of the stories that have appeared in the American press in the last year have been written with a propaganda purpose for Karakhan's own benefit. He seems to have treated you like a comrade and almost a confidant and you come to us direct from him. I believe that the biggest strength of the Yellow Terror is yellow journalism."

HIS blunt implications stung me to the quick. I had run a number of risks, worked long and hard, seen as clearly as I was capable, and reported as fairly as I could write. I swallowed a bitter retort and endeavored to answer Mr. Wallace calmly.

"Mr. President, I haven't come three-quarters of the way around the world just for the purpose of scaring Secretary Wallace. I'm here because I am an American and I believe my observations of the military affairs, internal politics, and economics of the Red Union will be of vital benefit to my country.

"I have seen hundreds of thousands of dead on the fields of Europe. I have seen women and children mowed down in the streets of Italy. I have seen organized butchery in London. I have witnessed indescribable horrors in the wake of the Yellow Scourge.

"Mr. President, I was looking into the face of the president of the republic of Austria when he was executed, and I saw the members of his Cabinet shot. I want you to understand that the man that attacks us now with all the weight and might of three of the world's greatest continents back of him—this man is a supreme genius of evil; a cold, cruel, calculating, dominating force that knows no moral code, no scruples, no principles, no God. And this man, gentlemen, this Asiatic who hates us as only yellow hates white, told me in London, hardly a month ago now, that he intends to crush America.

"Gentlemen, if you do not believe it—if I cannot make you see it—God help us!"

In next week's installment, Margot arranges through Whit Dodge to send over information of Karakhan's plans. American unpreparedness becomes woefully evident, and the first Red invasion of our soil is begun at Puget Sound, with terroristic outrages on white women.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 48

The sailboat is without a mainsheet (rope running from the boom to the stern).

There is no steering apparatus on the boat.

The ducks have chicken feet.

There are only three strings on the ukulele.

The springboard is not secured at the shore end.

The fisherman's reel lacks a winding crank.

There are two kinds of fruit on the tree.

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Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

1 LIBERTY'S circulation is now more than two million net paid.

2 LIBERTY is now guaranteeing an average of 2,000,000 net paid circulation for the balance of 1929.

3 No change in rates accompanies this increase of 500,000 circulation.

4 Advertisers may still buy LIBERTY space a year in advance at the present rate.

5 LIBERTY now has by far the lowest advertising cost per thousand in its competitive group.

6 More than sixty important new accounts have come into LIBERTY.

7 LIBERTY will maintain its 2,000,000 circulation throughout the summer.

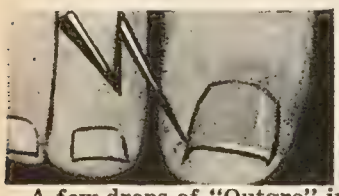
8 Eighty per cent of LIBERTY'S circulation is concentrated in markets containing all cities of 25,000 or more population.

9 LIBERTY will continue to buy the work of the best authors and artists, regardless of cost. No expense will be spared to maintain LIBERTY'S editorial standard.

10 LIBERTY is definitely on its way to the largest magazine circulation in the world.

How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

I *know* how—for I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face, lips, arms, etc. Several other methods of removing hair were unsuccessful. Then I discovered a simple, painless, harmless, inexpensive method. It succeeded with me and thousands of others. My FREE Book, "Getting Rid of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains theories and tells actual success. Mailed in plain sealed envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 289, Chicago.



Ingrown Nail

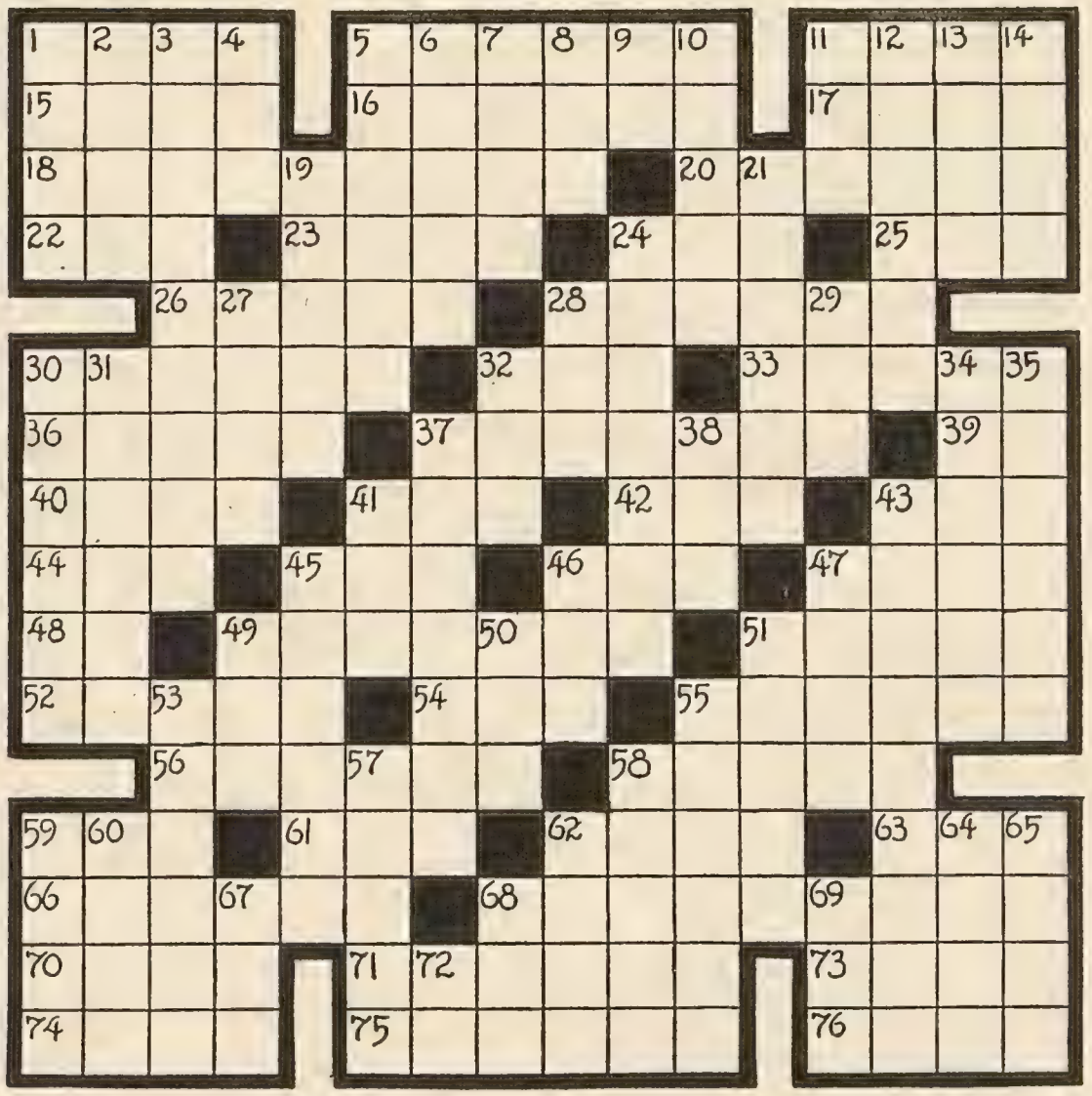
Turns Outward

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Thousands of grateful users. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

1 A pelt
5 A beetle
11 Assign by measure
15 Scent
16 A nine days' religious devotion
17 So be it
18 Mythical Assyrian queen
20 Torn
22 Compass point
23 Went hurriedly
24 A man's name shortened
25 Those in political power
26 A wading bird
28 More dejected
30 Silk fabric (plural)
32 Offspring
33 Inactive
36 Edible portion of an animal's stomach
37 Rejoin
39 An area ten meters square
40 Sections of a circle
41 Cardinal number
42 Sooner than
43 Exclamation of reproach
44 A fuel
45 Size of writing paper
46 Form of to be
47 Table-land
48 Printer's measure
49 Birds
51 Wrapped, as a corpse
52 Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin
54 A girl (colloq.)
55 Fragments of a brittle substance
56 Located
58 Possessive pronoun
59 Lofty peak
61 Downcast
62 Stuff
63 Greek letter
66 Maker of casks, etc.
68 Journeyers
70 Expunge
71 Long-drawn, vituperative speech
73 Bird of prey
74 State of bliss
75 Boiled
76 Former autocratic ruler

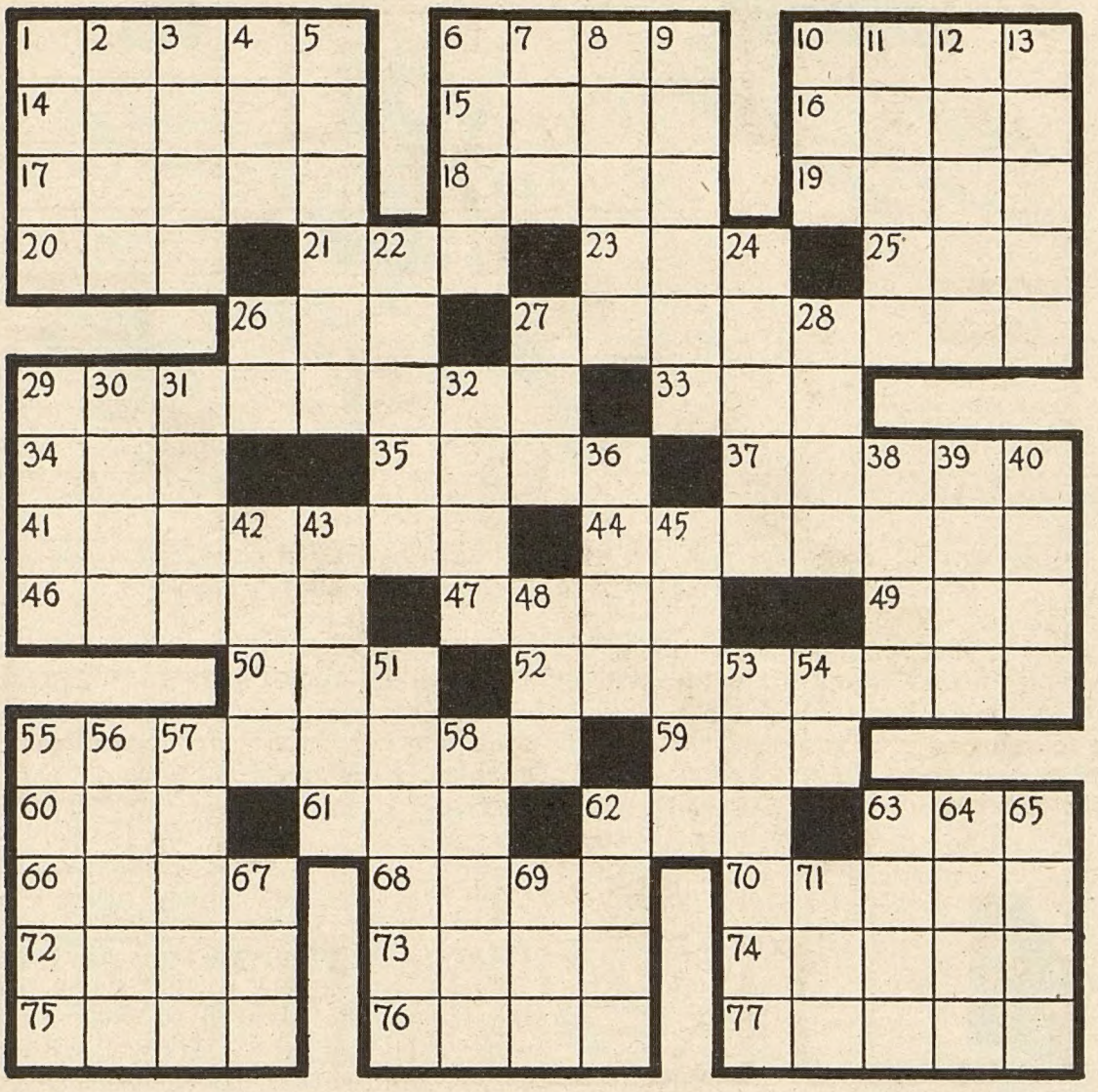
VERTICAL

1 Flexible pipe
2 Day of the ancient Roman month
3 Household servants
4 Silkworm of Assam
5 Gastropod mollusks
6 Heavenly body
7 Greedy
8 Particular thing (legal)
9 Article
10 Stripped of covering
11 Chart
12 Domain
13 Suffix: addition of ten
14 Extremities or conclusions
19 River in Switzerland and Germany
21 Compose and write
24 Ensigns or flags
27 Inclines to one side
28 French coin
29 Compass point
30 Platforms
31 Notoriously or preeminently bad
32 Japanese coin
34 Projecting above the surrounding surface
35 Part of a tire (plural)
37 Placed trust in
38 Ill temper
41 Japanese food-fish
43 Those who search out by patient efforts
45 Fold or wrinkle
46 Ancient Roman bronze coin
47 Penurious
49 A bird
50 Cover
51 Set of musically tuned bells
53 To resist or antagonize
55 Cut in thin slices
57 Vehicles
58 Occupation pursued as a calling
59 Land measure
60 Burden
62 A crop
64 The wild buffalo of India
65 Employer
67 Animal inclosure
68 Italian word meaning three
69 Allow
72 Pronoun

ADA SAGA HOHO ALE
HORNET SPINET SEN
ADDER ASIDE TEPID
GOT STELE LORE
PER SPORE DOMINOS
OD SCANT REDAN BE
L SHARE FEIGN ATE
ADMIRE RANGE STUD
EANS OAKEN AMOS
BARE STREW BLAMES
ART ETHER FAILS E
IT SNEER MORAL AM
THROWER HARKS PSI
HURL TERMS PAT
MOERA TANKS AIRED
ARA PRAISE ASPIRE
WAS SAIL DASH SSE

Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages

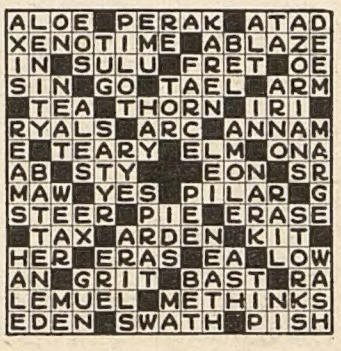


HORIZONTAL

1 A variety of translucent quartz
6 A river in Lorraine to Moselle River
10 Primates
14 Separator in a weaving machine
15 Coins of a European kingdom
16 Woman's name
17 Any eared seal
18 Appendage of certain seeds
19 Posture of a horseback rider
20 Equine quadruped
21 Maxim
23 Attendant of Frigg and Frey (Teutonic myth.)
25 Foul misshapen hag in Faërie Queene
26 Yellow ocher
27 Mounted
29 Long, narrow flag
33 Oriental plant
34 Native compound containing metal
35 Compass point
37 Prospect, as through a tree-lined avenue
41 To involve in darkness
44 Elementary schoolbook
46 A contest (colloq.)
47 Kill
49 Octave above the treble staff
50 Unit of energy
52 Repository for records
55 Composed of the same elements (chem.)
59 Negative
60 Tooth in a wheel rim
61 Barrier
62 Couch
63 Reverential fear
66 Leave out
68 Step
70 Species of pepper
72 Part of a church
73 Interjection
74 Makes level
75 Wheelless vehicle
76 Wither
77 Compact

VERTICAL

1 Double-ended Malay canoe
2 Gnawing animals
3 Topaz humming bird (plural)
4 Former Italian title of courtesy
5 Genus of gastropods
6 Cabbage salad
7 Demeanor; manner
8 A constellation
9 A widow or widower
10 Roman coin
11 Entreat
12 Exultant
13 Glutted
22 Egyptian musical performer
24 Pass, as a rope, through a cleat
26 Symbol for an element
27 Measures of area
28 Fastening device
29 Weeps convulsively
30 Genealogical chart
31 Split
32 Causes to break down, as by corrosion
36 Monarch
38 A Polander
39 Greek combining form meaning far off
40 Learning or the field of learning
42 Separate particular in an enumeration
43 Furnished, as a garment, with a triangular piece of cloth
45 Greek combining form meaning thick
48 One hundred thousand rupees
51 Fruit (plural)
53 Inclosure for promoting rapid vegetable growth
54 Pronoun
55 Images
56 One of a Hamitic race
57 Pointed arch
58 Imagine
62 Yield; surrender
63 The solar disc in Egyptian mythology
64 Cysts
65 Otherwise
67 Arrange for drying
69 Vehicle
71 Feminine proper name



Answer to last week's puzzle

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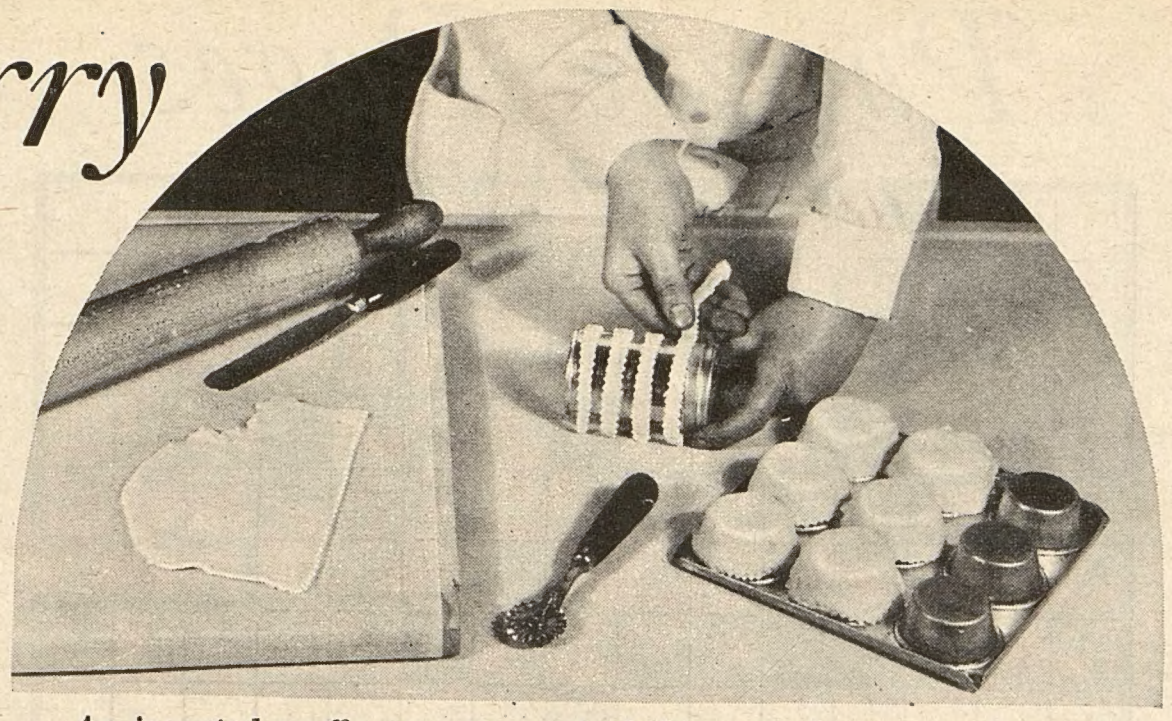
Strawberry Time

By Ethel Somers



An inverted muffin pan, an empty baking-powder can, and some pastry provide means for fashioning strawberry baskets.

STRAWBERRIES need no press agent, and they accommodate themselves to any course in the menu. Try them in salads, as an appetizer, or as a conserve.

Strawberry Baskets

Plain Pastry

1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking powder (for amateurs only)
¼ to ⅓ cup lard
3 to 4 tablespoons ice water
¼ teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, if desired

Puffed Pastry

1 cup flour
No salt
No baking powder
4 tablespoons butter, cut in
2 to 4 tablespoons ice water
4 tablespoons butter, folded in
½ teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, if desired

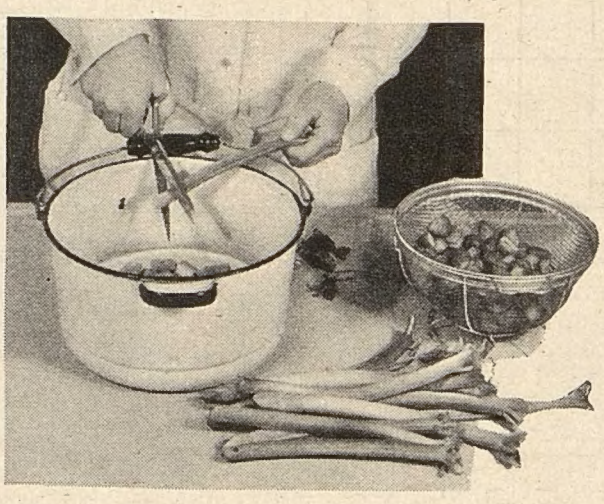
MIX and sift the dry ingredients. With two knives, a pastry blender, or by working lightly with a fork, cut in the cold fat until the granules vary in size from that of corn meal to navy beans. If cut in too fine the mixture becomes packed and the crust will not be flaky. Lightly mix in the cold water. The best method is to sprinkle it in and thus blend it throughout the whole with little stirring. Enough water should be used to form a paste stiff enough to be rolled on a very lightly floured sheet of wax paper.

Chill the dough several hours or overnight to facilitate easy rolling without sticking. Roll to one-eighth inch thickness.

If plain pastry is being made proceed to make the baskets. (For puffed pastry dot one-half of the rolled-out dough with one-third of the butter. Fold the dough in half and press the edges firmly together. Fold the dough in half again and then in quarters. Roll out lightly and repeat until all of the butter is used. Then roll to one-eighth inch thickness.) Make the base of the basket by covering the individual cups of an inverted muffin pan with dough. The effect will be prettier if a pastry wheel is used to scallop the edges.

Make the handles by twisting two narrow strips of the dough together or by cutting fancifully. Bake these around an empty baking-powder can of such size as will be in proportion to the muffin-pan cups. Place in a hot oven (450° F.) for ten to fifteen minutes until browned. Attach to the baskets with a paste of sugar and water. Puffed pastry should puff as well as brown.

Fill the baskets with sweetened berries or ice cream topped with crushed berries.



Rhubarb, easily cut with shears, enhances the flavor of strawberry jam.

Strawberry Ice Cream

1 pint cream (18 per cent cream if churned ice cream or 26 per cent cream if unchurned* ice cream)
½ cup sugar
1/16 teaspoon salt
1 cup crushed strawberries

HEAT the sugar and one-quarter of the cream until the sugar is melted. Add the remaining cream and salt. Freeze until mushy and then fold in the crushed berries and freeze solid. If preserved strawberries are used, the sugar should be decreased in proportion to the richness of the preserves. When using pound-for-pound preserves omit the sugar entirely. Preserved berries never freeze into granular icy areas as crushed fresh berries sometimes do.

* Unchurned ice cream has a better texture if one-half teaspoon of gelatin is dissolved with the sugar in the heated portion of the cream and if the remaining cream is whipped and folded into the cooked cream-sugar mixture.

Frozen Strawberry Salad

1½ teaspoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks
⅓ cup milk
1½ cups crushed strawberries
3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup cream, whipped

MELT the butter over water in the top of a double boiler. Blend the flour, sugar, and salt. Add these to the melted butter. Stir in the slightly beaten egg yolks and then gradually stir in the milk. Cook with constant stirring until thickened. When thick enough to coat the spoon, cool, fold in the lemon juice and fruit, and lastly the cream, which has been whipped stiff. Freeze in individual molds, or in one large mold of a suitable size for slicing. Arrange each serving on a leaf of lettuce and garnish with plain or frosted strawberries.

Strawberry Jam

1 pint strawberries
3 cups sugar
1 pint rhubarb (½-inch pieces)

PLACE the prepared fruit and sugar in a wide kettle, so that when cooking it may be allowed to boil rapidly without boiling over. Mix well with the sugar, and cover. Let stand several hours or overnight, at which time some of the juice will have been extracted. This will prevent burning. Remove the cover and place over a medium flame, stirring gently to prevent burning. Cook the fruit quickly to the jelly stage (220° F.). Slow cooking produces a dark, gummy product. Pour into washed, sterile seal-top jars, and seal at once.

Invert the jars while cooling and look for leaks. Leaky jars should be recanned or their contents eaten within a reasonably short time.

STRAWBER-RIES! Strawber-ries! Did you know there were so many tasty ways of fixing them? Ethel Somers tells new ways of preparing other dishes that bloom in the spring, in Liberty's three handy cookbooks. Price 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them today! Please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

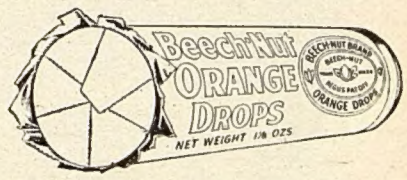
City.....State.....

5-25-29

Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

Inviting as the fruit itself

And with that self-same refreshing flavor. The purest and most wholesome kind of candy—just cane sugar and flavoring, that's all. And remember this—they're *fresh* for the perfected Beech-Nut package keeps them so.



Why they keep fresh

The Beech-Nut package is actually moisture-proof. These hard candies are first double rolled in waxed paper, the ends tightly closed, and then re-rolled in foil. Result—absolute freshness. A kind of wrap *exclusively Beech-Nut.*

Buy *Beech-Nut* fruit drops for their extra freshness.

ORANGE · LEMON · LIME *flavors*

5¢

Beech-Nut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y., and Hamilton, Ontario.

"I'd Walk A Mile for A Camel"

—but a "Miss" is as Good as a Mile

© 1929, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.